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THE NEW MOON.

BY ROSE TERRY.

Once, when the new moon glittered
So slender in the West,
I looked across my shoulder,
And a wild wish stirred my breast.

Over my white, right shoulder
I looked at the silver horn,
And wished a wish at even
To come to pass in the morn.

Whenever the new moon glittered,
So slender and so fine,
I looked across my shoulder,
And wished that wish of mine!

Now, when the West is rosy,
And the snow-wreaths blush below,
And I see the light white crescent
Float downward, soft and slow;

I never look over my shoulder,
As I used to look before;
For my heart is older and colder,
And now I wish no more!

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XLV.

Old Pengreep quitted the mansion of the Marquis of Chillingham with sensations which did not harmonize with the sweet applaudings of a clear, unstained conscience. Though the night was cold, he was smoking hot, and he continued to feel a scorching, parching, dry heat pervade his frame, and scalding blood shoot, and tingle in his veins, as the immediate past, glaring in his eyes like a fiery finger-post, pointed the exceedingly dangerous consequences likely to end the path he was now pursuing.

As a rule, rogues practising roguery, don't turn back. They are not blind to the rascality of their proceedings, nor to the odium which attaches to them, nor, indeed, are they insensible to the penalty which they incur if discovered in the commission of their misdeeds. Old Pengreep, as certain vaticinations presented themselves to his active brain, experience some nervous twitchings of the nose and mouth, but then they were only prophetic presages which might not come true, while the actual cash was a fact which did not admit of the possibility of a doubt respecting its realization. Then, too, it was something to have a Marquis and a Minister of the Crown for a patron, because, in the event of being urged to the very brink of grief by services done to his advantage, if he could not advance a protecting hand, who could?

Such impressions crowded into the mind of the old man, as he shuffled across the courtyard before the Chillingham mansion, prepared to meet his co-partner in knavery. He hugged the packet containing the crisp bank-notes, and chuckled to think what a clever fellow he was, and in what a masterly style he had obtained the whip-hand of Pharisee.

He saw keenly enough that he was drawing the teeth and nails, and exhausting the blood of Pharisee's designs; but for that he cared nothing, any more than he suffered compunction at the possibly fatal consequences to Lady Kingswood which might follow the introduction to her in the dead hour of night, in a dark and lonely apartment, of the man who had the most infamous designs against her.

He had two objects in view, the one to gratify the promptings of a malicious spite, which he ennobled by terming it revenge, and the other to add to an already ample store which he could not enjoy on this side of the grave, and for the mode of whose accumulation he stood a first-class chance of being terribly punished on the other. But this, as with all men of his class, was an element which did not enter into his calculation. Present success and present fancied benefit were the points which governed him, and he brushed away, as most of us do, disagreeable shadows of future retribution for present faults or foilies. He saw Pharisee's form gliding backwards and forwards in the misty street, and once more he chuckled, this time not alone because he had outwitted him, but that he should have, in order to carry out the commands rather than the wishes of the Marquis of Chillingham, to again cheat, cajole, or force him to act precisely as he directed.

He underrated Pharisee. It is not wise to underrate either friend or foe. He did not know what thoughts chased each other through Pharisee's brain while he waited in the street, nor imagine what schemes of retaliation were resolved by the chagrined valet. The latter knew himself to be outmanœuvred, and while fretted by the circumstance, naturally directed his mind to the discovery of a certain and speedy mode of turning the tables. By the time old Pengreep returned to him he had constructed a plan likely to be successful, but he was careful not to be too hasty in commencing operations, because it was of such a nature that failure would be fatal to himself.

He appeared, when Pengreep rejoined him, to be resigned to the position into which he had been thrust by the old man, and asked meekly of him what had been the result of his interview with the Marquis of Chillingham.

Old Pengreep answered him evasively, but Pharisee was not so to be put off.

"I have to meet Lady Kingswood in the picture-gallery," he said, urgently. "It is I who must be ready to answer every question my Lady may put to me—how the Marquis looked, what he said, whether he was excited or indifferent, what he proposed to do, what he is likely to do. I must, in fact, be prepared with a thousand answers to as many questions."

"Pshaw!" returned Pengreep. "You take me for an unexperienced goose. I know the peculiarities of these proud and haughty dames better than you do. Lady Kingswood will ask you for a note from the Marquis, and that will be all. If she receives it she will instantly disappear, and you will neither hear or see her again until she needs your services. I know the creatures well. I have had them at my knees to induce me to relax a demand or relent from enforcing harsh measures, but when their turn was served, not a word or a look was left for me."

"If Lady Kingswood receives a note from the Marquis," repeated Pharisee, with surprise in his tone, "of course she will receive it. That of necessity you must resign to my keeping. Lady Kingswood will not see you."

"I am not so sure of that," returned Pengreep.

"I am," replied Pharisee, promptly. "Her ladyship considers it sufficiently humiliating to have to consult with and engage my services in this affair. To know that you were mixed up with it, would drive her frantic."

"Lady Kingswood, like many another of her sex, should not deviate from the straight path of honor and morality; she would then not subject herself to mortification and humiliation," returned old Pengreep, with a sanctimonious drawl.

"Her ladyship has had bitter cause," rejoined Pharisee instantly.

"Cause—what cause?" asked Pengreep.

"What cause!" echoed Pharisee. "Why, who should know better than you the circumstance of Lord Kingswood's unfaithfulness to her?"

"His errors or his crimes cannot justify her in the commission of similar acts," responded Pengreep, turning up his eyes. "His guilt cannot possibly afford an excuse for her; on the contrary, it ought to be a monument of warning to her—a mirror in which she may see the enormity of his offence, and thus preserve her own purity. Women are fools to themselves when they adopt the argument of retaliation, for what is considered to be in a man a venial sin in a woman becomes shamefully criminal."

Pharisee regarded old Pengreep with unaffected surprise.

"I never took you for a saint," he exclaimed.

"Oh, I can preach," rejoined the old man with his eyes still upraised.

"Aye, but the practice?" returned Pharisee.

"That is a matter which concerns myself alone," old Pengreep answered, sharply.

"See, we are close to Kingswood House," suddenly exclaimed Pharisee. "Give me the Marquis's note."

"I cannot," returned old Pengreep.

Pharisee's face became purple with rage.

"Give me the letter," he growled. "I have been yielding and compliant as yet to you, but there is a limit beyond which I will not go, and you cannot make me. I can and will risk the worst consequences rather. Give me the note."

"I repeat I cannot," answered Pengreep, coolly.

"Why not?" interrogated Pharisee, angrily.

"For the simple reason that he has not entrusted me with one," rejoined the old man.

Pharisee uttered an exclamation of surprise. Then he said,

"What message?"

"Neither did he entrust me with a message," observed Pengreep, with provoking calmness.

"If I did not know the contents of her note to him, your answers might deceive me; but as I am acquainted with every word she penned to him, your assertion will not do for me," rejoined Pharisee, with excitement. "My lady asked for a reply, and an answer the Marquis would be sure to send."

"I did not say he would not," remarked Pengreep.

"You have told me that you have neither note nor message," said Pharisee.

"And I told you facts," responded Pengreep; "but I did not say that neither one nor the other would be sent."

"Sent!" echoed Pharisee. "Sent, impossible. Sent! When? How?"

"By messenger, at one hour after midnight," returned Pengreep, speaking with slow distinctness. "The messenger will be at the servants' entrance at one o'clock, he must be privately admitted and secreted until Lady Kingswood's appointed hour arrives, then he will see and converse with her alone."

"Madness!" cried Pharisee, "horrible frenzy, such arrangement would be the destruction of every one concerned."

Old Pengreep stopped abruptly.

"You had better yourself return to the Marquis of Chillinghem, and tell him that you object to the whole proceeding, and therefore it cannot, and shall not be carried out."

Pharisee stamped with his foot.

"You have no idea of the frightful risk I shall incur," he exclaimed, vehemently, "and Lady Kingswood as well. It is impossible!"

"It will be done, nevertheless," said Pengreep. "I have arranged it all, and when I undertake such arrangements as these I always contrive that they shall be faithfully fulfilled."

"You—you? What can you have to do with this part of the affair?" exclaimed Pharisee, bitterly. "It is I who will have to run the hazard and to pay the penalty of discovery."

"I beg your pardon," rejoined Pengreep; "I shall have much to do with it. You will provide me with the key of the servants' entrance. I shall admit the messenger. I shall secrete him and be prepared to conduct his departure. You may rest contented with respect to your share of any personal risk. The Marquis's messenger once safely housed, nothing further will be required of you but to keep close within your private apartment until the whole affair is over."

Pharisee gazed at him perfectly bewildered.

"I will be no party to any such arrangement," at length he cried. "You have made it; complete it the best way you can. As for myself, I wash my hands of it altogether."

"It is not so very late," mused Pengreep. "I had, perhaps, better ring at the hall door and request to see Lady Kingswood; I can then, if I am refused an audience, send her a note explaining the share I have had in the transaction, and inform her that you—"

"You will drive me mad," cried Pharisee, interrupting him. "You know that any such step as you suggest will produce frightful consequences. You had better retire, and I will call upon you to-morrow. I will endeavor to carry out your arrangements. I will receive the messenger—"

"We are at the door," interrupted Pengreep. "Shall I inquire whether Lady Kingswood—"

"Hush! hush, you frantic old man," whispered Pharisee, placing his hand over his mouth. "You do not know who may hear you. I assent to all—follow me."

Pharisee went, with stealthy step, to the servants' entrance, closely followed by Pengreep, who examined every spot with the closest scrutiny, counted steps both descending and ascending, observed the direction in which the corridors ran, everything, in fact, right and left, where a glimmer of light aided him to see. He noted all down in his memory, and took such mental notes as would enable him to find his way from Pharisee's room to the street again, even if the whole establishment were to be plunged in intense darkness.

It happened that the servants were at supper, the butler taking his evening meal and his grog in the housekeeper's room with the portly lady, who indulged in a glass or so of wine after her supper, and tasted frequently the butler's "nightcap," merely to please that very dignified personage.

No one was moving about, and Pharisee contrived to smuggle old Pengreep up to his room without any one having perceived him; but, though he had him safely locked in with himself, he felt very ill at ease; for, after the experience he already possessed, he felt that he was not safe for a minute from a visit from either Lord or Lady Kingswood. In fact, it was at first difficult to divest himself of an impression that one or other of them was concealed in some dark, shadowed corner of the room.

The room, however, was unoccupied, save by himself and old Pengreep. But the old man immediately commenced to give him much anxiety and trouble, for he hunted and pryed into every corner, and at everything within the apartment. If drawers and trunks had not been locked he would have pulled them open, or lifted up lids, without the slightest regard to propriety, or to the fact that he had no possible right to investigate their contents.

At length Pharisee prevailed upon him to be seated, and he tried to elicit from him a connected version of what had transpired between him and the Marquis of Chillingham, but could not succeed in drawing anything like a coherent relation from him.

He, however, obtained, instead, a series of grimaces, which at first surprised, then alarmed, and ultimately horrified him. The old man grinned and gibbered; now elongated his face, and then compressed his features until they looked squat and most forbidding. At times he sat bolt upright, grim and gaunt as a spectre; then he crouched in his chair with his knees huddled to his chin. Now he suddenly flung his arms erect, or threw them straight out; then he would coil them about his neck tightly, as if he intended to strangle himself; and, anon, let them drop to his side, as if he was powerless and exhausted.

All the while he stared awfully at Pharisee, and uttered a quantity of strange, incoherent nothings, until the latter, believing that he had suddenly gone stark mad, became almost beside himself with fear.

Mephistopheles, or the Gnome King himself, could hardly have played more fantastic antics, and the superstitious mind of the valet tempted him to believe that his guest was, if not the last, certainly the first.

While anxiously trying to think of a plan of escape from this terrible situation, the deep-toned bell of the neighboring church tolled the hour of midnight.

The last beat was followed by a dead silence between the two for at least five minutes.

Then old Pengreep rose slowly up, and strode, with noiseless step, to Pharisee, and, clutching his wrist, said, in a whisper, which sounded frightful in his ears—

"The key!"

So affrighted was Pharisee that he absolutely gasped for breath. Pengreep shook him.

"It is below," he muttered.

"We must have it. Come!"

Half fainting with terror, Pharisee took his light, unlocked the door, and, on tiptoe, proceeded to descend the stairs, closely followed by old Pengreep.

He knew where the key was kept, and he went to the place where it was hung and obtained it.

Old Pengreep, with glittering eyes, snatched it out of his hand, and immediately, to Pharisee's horror, made trial of it. Satisfying himself that it was the right key, he motioned to Pharisee to lead the way back.

After they had mounted the first flight of stairs, he whispered in Pharisee's ear—

"The picture gallery; show it to me."

Pharisee knew remonstrance to be useless, and conducted him to it. Pengreep, having made himself master of the passages leading to it, nodded his head complacently, and pointed upward.

Once more they entered Pharisee's room, and the door was again locked on the inside.

The old man, seating himself opposite Pharisee, resumed his antics, only this time he drew a white handkerchief from his pocket and twisted it into different shapes, flourishing it to and fro, and going through various manœuvres, until he had contrived to get, unseen, a small bottle from his pocket, with the contents of which he saturated the handkerchief.

Suddenly he leaped up, seized Pharisee by the throat with one hand, and pressed with the other the handkerchief over his mouth and nose.

For a minute or so Pharisee struggled violently, then he became motionless, as if dead.

Old Pengreep, when he found resistance to his diabolical act cease, withdrew the handkerchief, stuffed it into his pocket, and, taking up the lifeless form, laid it upon the bed.

Then he sat near it, and watched it until the clock struck *one*.

Within two or three minutes he stood at the servants' entrance, where, shrouded in a cloak, stood a tall figure, immoveable.

"Chillingham," whispered old Pengreep.

"Chillingham!" repeated the stranger, in a tone equally low.

"Follow me!" murmured Pengreep.

The figure entered, the door was noiselessly closed, and together they ascended, with soundless steps, to the picture-gallery.

Without a word old Pengreep pointed out the projection formed by the Corinthian pillars, and the muffled stranger glided behind them. Old Pengreep apparently vanished from the gallery, and left it once more in deep, intense darkness and silence.

The church clock struck *two*.

The next instant a faint, glimmering light appeared at the extreme end of the gallery, and advanced rapidly towards the centre. It disclosed the white, anxious, half-distracted features of a woman. With wild eyes she gazed right and left, and then she muttered—

"He has not come."

It was Lady Kingswood!

She glided to the projection formed by the Corinthian pillars.

She uttered a sudden scream of horror, but in an instant it was stifled by the stranger, who caught her in his arms, and passed a portion of his cloak over her mouth. At the same time he whispered in her ear—

"Be silent, for your life! Fear not. It is I—Chillingham."

She struggled and tore herself from his arms, and another wail of terror burst from her lips.

He unfolded his cloak and revealed himself to her. She saw, by the feeble rays of the lamp she had brought with her, that it was the Marquis of Chillingham who stood before her. She wrung her hands.

"This is terrible, indeed," she murmured. "Why—why have you been guilty of this worse than madness?"

"Listen," he said, bending over her. "I received your note. I possess the information you seek. I know its importance, and the necessity for secrecy. I know, also, your intense anxiety to become mistress of it. I would not commit it to paper—therefore am I here."

She pressed her hands over her eyes, and shuddered. Then from before her blanched face she withdrew them, and said, in a low tone—

"Go on; I am prepared to hear."

"Kingswood is a villain," returned Chillingham. "The boy you saw at Kingswood Hall is Kingswood's son—born while his vows, his oaths, were breathed in your ears, and his kisses were pressing on your lips. That boy—the offspring of a marriage—thrusts you, nobly born, loftily bred, into a state of ignominy, and hurls your son, whom you love so much, out of their heirship to the House of Kingswood!"

A groan of unutterable anguish burst from the broken heart of the agonized woman.

"Oh, Heaven! oh, shame! oh, death! can this be true?" she ejaculated.

"It is true. You shall have the proofs," he replied, with rapid accents. "You remember Vernon, of Huntingford—years, years back?"

"I remember him," murmured Lady Kingswood, with difficulty forcing the words between her parched lips.

"He formed a passionate attachment to a young and beautiful girl, intending to make her his wife. Kingswood, at the time your fond and loving suitor, saw her, beguiled her away from Vernon, married her, and then, wearying of her, returned to you, to lavish upon you the caresses which he had to spare from the woman he had left."

Lady Kingswood pressed her clenched hands upon her temples.

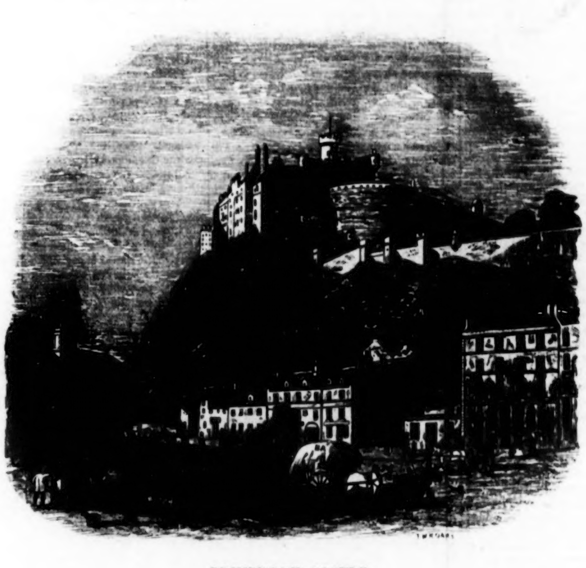
"Oh, my God!" she exclaimed, "this is maddening."

"The proofs of all I have stated will, within a few hours, be within my hands. I will show them to you."

"I shall suffocate!" she exclaimed, staggering, as if about to fall.

He caught her in his arms, and, for a moment, she availed herself of his support, but only for a moment, for she suddenly and hastily disengaged herself.

"What will you do?" he whispered in her



EDINBURGH CASTLE.

Long before Queen Margaret's time—Margaret, wife of Malcolm, conqueror of Shakspeare's "Macbeth,"—the rock was a stronghold for fair women; being "the Camp of the Maidens," where the daughters of the Pictish princes were educated. Then it had been a centre of strife during generations, changing masters many times, until her own Malcolm, the Great-Head, fortified it for their posterity. Margaret's quaint likeness is in one of the little stained windows; also that of her son, David I.

Somewhere in these court-yards were the Douglas boys (the eldest of whom was only sixteen) beheaded by the unscrupulous ministers of James II., after having been invited to visit him with all apparent hospitality. Somewhere over the face of this precipice the Duke of Albany and his chamberlain tried to descend, escaping from death on the morrow; and when the shortness of the rope caused the latter to break his thigh-bone, the chivalrous Duke carried him on his back to a place of safety. Every conflicting power on Scottish soil wrestled for the Castle of Edinburgh, as a gage of final victory. Edward I. and his Southrons, Henry VIII. in his rough wooing of the baby Queen Mary, Cromwell and his Ironsides, all tried their hands at grasping this stronghold. By an article of the union between England and Scotland, it is to be kept continually fortified. Two thousand soldiers might garrison it, and thirty thousand stand of arms be stored in its arsenal.

ear. "You will not remain at Kingswood?" he added.

"Oh, no—no—no," she exclaimed, with a terrible shudder. "Not another day will I pass beneath his hated roof."

"Not another hour," he urged. "He has wronged, outraged you, insulted you beyond all possibility of atonement. Leave him. Revenge is your right—retaliation your weapon. Plunge into his heart the same weapon with which he has so basely wounded yours. Yours is not a spirit to sit tamely beneath your wrongs, to be content with weeping away your injuries. No, scorn him, spurn him, wring his proud heart with the same humiliation with which he has bruised, though has not crushed yours. Fly, and at once."

"Oh, Chillingham, your words, your suggestions, are terrible," she exclaimed, with a distracted air.

"They are just," he exclaimed, with eager emphasis. "You must despise, loathe this man. Fly at once! Why delay? I have a vehicle at a short distance from the house, prepared to convey us to a place where discovery—until you for the purposes of vengeance, may wish it, is impossible."

"Oh, no, no, no!" she responded, shuddering, and weeping bitterly.

"Why hesitate?" he urged. "Remember, I loved you before Kingswood; remember, for your sake, I have remained unmarried, hoping against hope that some day you might be mine. Come with me, dearest; I, at least, will not wrong you. I will love, worship you; make you happier by far than it is possible you can ever be elsewhere. Come—come."

"I dare not. Oh, in the name of mercy, do not tempt me," she sobbed.

He saw the conflict which was going on within her breast, but he saw, too, that she would yield, and he redoubled his entreaties.

"What," he said, in sarcastic tones, "will you be made the finger-point for fools? the lady of the meek soul, who had not the spirit—being scandalously wronged—to conquer a tremendous revenge when it was within her grasp? Shall he triumph over you? Shall the woman for whom he quitted your side triumph over you? Shall her son thrust out yours from the rank to which he is justly entitled, and you bow your head mildly, and say, 'Be it as thou wilt; you shall triumph, and I will bow my face in the dust?' Have you no soul? Have you lost the proud, noble spirit you possessed? Has your nature changed with your wrongs? You must avenge yourself! I offer you the means. Come now, or remain here a creature lost to your own sense of injury, an object of pity to all, and of derisive scorn to Kingswood himself."

"Never, Chillingham. It shall be as you counsel. The die is cast!" she exclaimed, flinging up her head with passionate fervor. "I will go—Ha!—Oh, merciful Heaven!—Almighty powers!—Look there!—there!—behold!"

With a low, hoarse gasp of intense horror, half cowering to the earth, trembling like an aspen, she pointed to a female figure, clad in white, standing motionless within a few feet of them, bearing in its hand a lamp.

It was Lady Maud, with her eyes wide open, lustreless, sightless.

She was in a state of somnambulism.

Her young and lovely face was pale and sad, but unmarked by any other expression save one of an angelic purity and sweetness.

She suddenly, though slowly, turned round, walked slowly to the side of the room, and stretched forth her hand as if in search of a book resting upon a library shelf. An expression of disappointment stole over her face.

"It is not there!" she murmured. "They took it away when he left."

Then she slowly directed her steps to the door by which she had entered.

The Marquis of Chillingham had yet the wrist of Lady Kingswood clasped in his hand. She suddenly wrenched it from him, and tottered, swayed, staggered after Lady Maud.

"Maud—pure angel," she gasped, in suffocating tones; "take me with you, or I am lost. Maud—Maud—take me with you—my child—Maud. Her words were scarcely articulate, and her motions so feeble that it seemed as though she would fall senseless upon the floor of the gallery.

She clutched at the flowing drapery of the yet sleeping girl, and reeled with trembling steps still after her.

The Marquis of Chillingham was about to pursue her, when he felt himself seized by the arm.

He turned with a start, and beheld old Pengreep at his elbow.

"My lord, in another instant the whole household will be alarmed. You must fly. Follow me, or you will be discovered here," exclaimed the old man, in a hoarse whisper.

With an anathema on his lips, the Marquis, seeing at a glance his critical position, turned, and with hasty step, followed old Pengreep from the picture-gallery.

A piercing scream caught their ears as they made, with light step, their swift way to the servants' entrance, Pengreep guiding the Marquis with unfailing correctness. They quickened their flight at the sound, and paused not until they were both without in the dark night.

The Marquis hastily glanced upwards at the mansion, and observed lights flashing to and fro in the windows. He caught Pengreep by the arm. "Write to me, and quickly," he said, in a low tone, "I will reply, appointing an interview."

The next moment he released the old man from his grip, and hurried to the carriage which was awaiting him and a companion who did not accompany him.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Lord Kingswood devoted himself with so much ardor to his ministerial duties that his colleagues congratulated the Cabinet, the party, and the country upon the acquisition of so zealous a coadjutor. The truth, however, was, as may readily be supposed, that his mind was distracted by the horrors of his domestic position; and he was not only rejoiced at the opportunity afforded him to escape from his own house, but from his thoughts as well.

He greedily accepted all the business of his department during the day, and worked at it, aided by his private secretary, far into the night. He found a certain relief in this labor, but thoughts and fears would still intrude, and the anticipation of a day of disclosure—the hour of vengeance—a frightful explosion, which, if delayed, would ultimately occur, haunted him like a pursuing spirit.

At the very moment when the Marquis of Chillingham was urging Lady Kingswood to fly with him Lord Kingswood was seated alone in his study. Upon his table, before his eyes—which were gazing on them with intense and melancholy earnestness—lay a fair ringlet and a bunch of decayed flowers.

What were the unutterable thoughts which crowded through his fevered brain as his burning, bloodshot eyes rested on these withered emblems of other days?

It is needless to say they may be imagined, and their force measured, by the heavy, agonized groan which burst from his lips, and shook his frame. He raised the curl and the dead flowers with his trembling fingers, and pressed them to his lips; then dashed the tears from his eyes.

"This is frenzy," he exclaimed, with set teeth. "The past cannot be recalled. Let it go. I must be inflexible—steel—ice. I must dare my destiny, and defy it."

At this instant a loud, wild scream rang through the house, disturbing the dead silence which had previously reigned.

He started, snatched up a lamp, and made his way to the spot whence the sound appeared to proceed.

He reached the corridor leading to the apartments of Lady Kingswood and his own, and to his astonishment he beheld Lady Kingswood, kneeling, supporting the senseless form of Lady Maud, and a maid-servant in her night-dress, with a shawl thrown round her, bending over them, holding a light.

"Lady Kingswood, what is the meaning of this strange scene?" he exclaimed.

At the sound of his voice Lady Kingswood started as if stricken fiercely by a lash. She let the body of Lady Maud glide to the ground, and rose up to confront Lord Kingswood.

Her white face, her flashing eyes, the combined agony, hate, passion, anguish expressed by her features, horrified as well as amazed him.

She flung back her half-dishevelled hair, and her burning lips parted, displaying her white teeth interlocked.

"Heartless perjurer!" she hissed through them; "cruel, treacherous villain! Speak not to me—look not on me—come not near me—or I may have to call on Heaven to pardon me for an act which my bursting heart now prompts me, horribly prompts me to commit. Away! we meet no more! but the bitterest curse an outraged, wronged woman can hurl upon her betrayer as a legacy to drag him down to perdition, such curse—curse!—withering curse!—do I fling on you. Away! go! you have made me mad! Do not force me to an iniquity yet deeper and blacker than your own!"

As she concluded, white frothy foam bubbling upon her pale blue lips, she bent suddenly over the yet inanimate form of Lady Maud, and with almost superhuman strength, raised her up in her arms, and bore her into an apartment, closing the door behind her with a loud crash.

Lord Kingswood stood petrified and speechless, his heart stilled, and resting like a globe of stone within his breast.

The pale-faced, affrighted maid stood shivering, still holding the light, ashamed to remain, sparsely clad as she was, yet not liking to go and leave Lord Kingswood alone and without explanation.

At length with a sudden gasp, he exclaimed—

"Girl, can you explain the meaning of this strange scene? Speak! Do I dream, or has some sudden madness possessed Lady Kingswood and Lady Maud."

"If—if—if you please, my lord," replied the girl, "I don't know what it all means. I—I was in my bed, laying awake, because I couldn't go to sleep, and I don't know why I couldn't go to sleep, but I couldn't get a wink, when I all of a sudden heard footsteps coming along the corridor. I knew nobody had any business to be moving about in the corridor at this time of night, and if there was anybody, they couldn't be after any good, I was sure of that. So I jumped out of bed, and slipped a shawl over my shoulders, and as it happened, my light was burning, because—"

"Never mind the reason. Go on," interposed Lord Kingswood, impetuously.

"Well, my lord, I opened my door quietly, and I saw a white spectre coming along, with a lamp in its hand, and being awfully scared, I shricked, and then—then—and then—"

"What?" cried Lord Kingswood, fiercely, as she hesitated.

"Then I saw that it was Lady Maud, my lord," continued the girl, afraid that, by her confession, she was getting herself into trouble. "And I saw, my lord, that she was walking in her sleep, and that my lady was following her, holding her dress, and then, my lord, my scream awoke her, and she screamed, too, and sank down in a faint, my lord—and that's all, if you please, my lord."

At this moment a bell was rung in Lady Kingswood's apartment, with great violence, and the girl starting, said, hastily,

"If you please, my lord, that is my lady's bell, my lord. Will your lordship please to excuse me?"

And, without saying another word, she ran away into Lady Kingswood's apartment.

Lord Kingswood, with a gloomy brow, turned, and retraced his steps to his study.

As he paced up and down the apartment, the words of Lady Kingswood rang like doom-bells in his ears. Every one was imprinted with painful distinctness upon his brain, and repeated itself again and again, until it ached with agony.

Then her look, wild, distraught, intensely vindictive, what did it mean? He believed that she could only be governed by suspicion, and yet her excitement was terrible.—His own information, after a certain point, was limited—what, therefore, could she know?

For an instant a thought that Pharisee might be treacherous intruded itself, but then he discarded it as impossible.

He racked his brain to no purpose in order to account for Lady Kingswood's expressions of fierce animosity and hate.

He was compelled at length to conclude that Ishmael, hovering above him like an ill omened bird of prey, was gradually narrowing his circles of flight, until the final moment when he would swoop down and crush him.

Did he intend to sunder each tie before he struck his fatal blow? It appeared so,—He, Kingswood, was at this moment at terrible issue with his wife, his son Cyril and Lady Maud.

Strange! As this conviction fastened itself upon him, a feeling of desperation and defiance gradually took possession of his breast—against one and all he felt a spirit of resistance arise. Especially did this determination address itself against Cyril and Maud. He rigidly resolved that they should each wed the individuals chosen for them, and that no appeals, pleadings or arguments, however passionately urged, should move him from this fixed decision. He felt like a stag at bay. Woe to the first foe that attempted to fasten upon him with the intention of pulling him down!

As this new impression seized upon his vacillating nature, a gloomy, resolute expression settled on his brow, and he retired to rest, deciding that he would in his turn be sought instead of seeking.

For some time Lady Kingswood had persistently refused to see him alone. Her conversation with him had been of the most compulsory nature, engaged in only in the presence of others, and in reply to direct questions. He had tried several times to break through this most vexing line of conduct which she had adopted, but without success, and now, after the proceedings of this night, and the language she had used in the presence of a menial, he determined that, if she wished to have an interview with him, she should send such request to him.

He made no inquiries respecting her or Lady Maud on the following day; but at the end of the week, by Pharisee, he learnt that Lady Kingswood, Lady Maud, and Cyril had departed from the mansion for Brighton, under the advice of an eminent physician who had been called in to attend Lady Maud in a sudden attack of illness.

Lord Kingswood bit his lip, but he made no reply. Pharisee made no comment. The latter looked haggard and ill at ease. He had suddenly appeared before Lord Kingswood the evening after the incident in the picture-gallery, and informed his lordship that he had been unable to obtain an interview with old Pengreep, and should be in no position for some time to come to obtain any further information respecting Erle or his companion, the Wonder of Kingswood Chace.

In the frame of mind in which Lord Kingswood then happened to be, the communication did not affect him—he merely waved his hand, and said it mattered not. So Pharisee quietly fell into the resumption of his old duties again.

A physiognomist would, however, after a perusal of his features, have declared that there was some deadly purpose lurking in that man's mind.

In the mansion of Horace Vernon, scarcely more than a stone's throw from Lord Kingswood's residence, there were events occurring which were hardly of a less stirring nature, to one being at least.

Erle, after the extraordinary confession which had so unexpectedly fallen from the lips of Beatrice Stanhope, felt like one who had been suddenly aroused out of a trance, only to be hurried into a region of wild chaotic confusion.

He sent, as he had promised, a medical gentleman to attend Beatrice—a circumstance which, as she quickly recovered, and found Erle had departed abruptly, was singularly annoying to her—and he hurried home, sought his own chamber, and there, in a state of bewilderment, went over the whole scene which he had just enacted with Beatrice.

He questioned himself closely as to the manner in which he had acted to her so as to create the passion of love within her breast, and after a searching examination, he felt sure that she had wholly misconceived his actions, words and looks. The regard he entertained for her was purely one of friendship, and could never be anything else; and he saw in a moment that he must not even indulge in this sentiment, so far as it was likely to bring them into each other's society again, as, by such a step, he would only be increasing the evil it was his duty at once to stop.

But how to stop it! He shrank from writing to her; he was a novice in affairs of the heart, he only knew that he himself loved, and that words of any kind addressed to him telling him that his love was and must be hopeless, would pierce his breast with the bitterest and most poignant grief; and how could he indite words to her, every one of which would be like an arrow in her heart!

Still, to meet her and be silent on what had transpired, would be wholly impossible. If he kept her in ignorance as to the real state of his feelings towards her, and acted as kindly to her as heretofore, he would only be fostering and encouraging the attachment which she had so unexpectedly confessed. To behave coldly and indifferently he could not, and to inform her that he was sorry that she should have fallen in love with him, as he could not return it, was a piece of cruelty to the performance of which he did not feel equal. There was but one plan, and that was, to endeavor, as far as possible, to avoid her presence, without appearing to do so intentionally, to absent himself from home when she was expected to visit Violet, and to carefully keep away from receptions and places in which they were likely to come in contact.

Such an absence, apparently accidental, but persisted in, would no doubt be understood by her, and would induce her to turn her thoughts elsewhere. She had many admirers, and in their adulations and ardent attentions, he hoped that she would forget that he had ever existed.

Having decided upon this course, he proceeded to put it into execution, and, consequently, was absent much from home, and from those places, indeed, at which Ishmael especially requested him to appear.

Ishmael at length noticed this, and likewise that Beatrice Stanhope no longer visited them. She had been so constant in coming to see Violet, that her absence was conspicuous, not that Violet made any remark about it, for she seemed to have some cherished subject of thought which rendered her more cheerful than she had hitherto been, especially when alone. She was not averse to Beatrice's society, because she loved to hear her, being an accomplished musician, play upon the pianoforte. Those performances were lessons to her even yet more valuable than those she continued to receive from an exceedingly clever mistress, and as she had conceived a passionate fondness for music, the society of any one who could minister to it was pleasing.

Beatrice had devoted so much of her conversation to Erle when he was with them, that she could hardly be a companion whom Violet would miss; therefore her continued absence elicited no remark from her; while the continued presence of Carlton, though contrasting strongly with the sudden withdrawal of Beatrice, was equally subject to no observation. In fact, it was a relief to Violet when Carlton sat by her side and talked to her; it enabled her to think, without attracting the attention of those in company with them.

Ishmael's sagacity led him to divine the cause of the conduct of both Erle and Beatrice; and one day, in the presence of Erle, he said to Carlton Stanhope,

"We miss your sister, Mr. Stanhope. Are her engagements so suddenly numerous that she cannot spare us one poor hour or so?"

"She is not well," returned Carlton, immediately.

"I regret to hear it," returned Ishmael, with a furtive glance at Erle, whose face he perceived to be suddenly flushed with crimson. "Nothing serious, I hope."

"No," returned Carlton. "Our medical men says it is purely an attack of the nervous system."

"Indeed! In what way does it develope itself?" interrogated Ishmael, still steadfastly watching Erle's face, which he perceived deepened in color each moment.

"Well, in a species of depression of spirits, lowness, tears, and general debility," returned Carlton. "The doctor terms it, I think, hypochondriasis."

"Ill and sad," observed Violet, in a tone of concern, and thoughtfully, too. "Shall I not go to her, and try to alleviate her grief if possible? Perhaps it is not possible," she added, musingly.

"Thank you for your gentle consideration," exclaimed Carlton, "but she insists on being alone. The medical attendant advises change of air, and I believe she goes out of town in the morning."

No one present asked where.

Erle rose up and walked to the window. Then he strode towards the door.

Ishmael stopped him.

"Do not leave us just yet. I wish to speak with you presently."

Erle threw himself into a seat, and took up a book.

Ishmael glanced at Violet, and speaking with emphasis, said to Carlton,

"I do not think that I should attach any serious importance to such an attack as that which appears to have seized your sister. Young ladies are apt to take strange fancies into their brain, and they treat them like flowers—try to nourish them with moisture. A girl without a secret sorrow or flood of tears indulged in in privacy would be a kind of nondescript. Fortunately, perhaps, they contrive mostly to kill their plants with too much moisture, for I have noticed that, after a time, the storm-clouds dissipate, the sun shines out as bright as before, and the spirits become lighter and gayer than ever."

Violet looked up at him—even smiled—but she shook her head.

"I never new Beatrice do this sort of thing before," exclaimed Carlton. "She has always had a very continuous flow of spirits, and rather a strong mind. I can't think what can have occasioned such an extraordinary change in her."

"I can," thought Ishmael. "My plot so far works well."

"I think," continued Carlton, "that you, Mr. Vernon, take the correct view of the matter, and that Beatrice will soon be the same as she always has been."

"I hope so," exclaimed Erle, with animation.

A smile curled Ishmael's lip.

"Does he love her?" he thought. "I think not. If he does, he must break with it, if he break his heart too."

"There has been a great deal of illness lately," observed Carlton. "There has been rather over much of it at the Kingswoods."

"Ha! is that so?" exclaimed Ishmael, sharply. "Who is ill in that family?"

"It would be difficult to say who is not," returned Carlton. "Lord Kingswood looks like a spectre; my father says that it is with fagging so hard at the work of the department he presides over. At all events, it is in every one's mouth, that he looks haggard and harried quite as much from some secret source of unhappiness as from over application to the duties of his office. It is rumored, indeed, that Lord and Lady Kingswood do not live very happily together."

A grim smile settled on Ishmael's features.

"Lady Kingswood is very ill. She does not keep her chamber, but I am told, she, too, looks very anxious and unhappy," continued Carlton, "and she is said to have become somewhat strange in her manner. Cyril Kingswood, too, is very ill."

Violet turned eagerly to him.

"Ill?" she exclaimed eagerly. At the same moment her eye caught that of Ishmael. She saw that it gleamed like a living coal. She sank back in her chair in silence.

"Yes," proceeded Carlton, "he is ill, and so, I am sorry to say, is Lady Maud St. Clair."

Erle felt as though he could have leaped out of his seat, but having seen the silent passage between Ishmael and Violet, when the name of Cyril Kingswood was mentioned, he remained as still, and kept his features as impassible, as if they were carved in marble.

"The family," added Carlton, after a short pause, "have quitted London for Brighton."

"All?" interrogated Ishmael.

"All," replied Carlton, "that is to say, Lady Kingswood, Lady Maud, and Cyril. Lord Kingswood follows immediately."

Shortly after this conversation ceased, Carlton Stanhope took his leave.

A brief silence ensued. Erle broke it. Addressing Ishmael, he said,

"You expressed a wish to speak with me, sir. I attend you."

"It was nothing, nothing," answered Ishmael, leaning his head upon his hand reflectively. "I intended to say that we shall leave London for Brighton, to-morrow."

Violet pressed her hands together, and breathed inaudibly,

"Amen!"

Erle, too, compressed his hands in each other, and murmured,

"Amen!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

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INDIAN-CORN PAPER.

We see it stated that an imperial manufactory for the production of paper from the leaves of Indian corn, is now in construction at Pesth, Hungary—"the greatest corn-growing region in Europe;" that a manufactory of the same kind is already in full operation in Switzerland; and that preparations are being made on the coast of the Mediterranean sea, for the production and exportation on a large scale of the pulp of this new material. The *London Telegraph* says:—

> "As early as the seventeenth century an Indian corn paper manufactory was in full operation at the town of Rievi, in Italy, and enjoyed a world-wide reputation; but with the death of the proprietor the secret seems to have lapsed into oblivion. Attempts subsequently made were baffled by the difficulty of removing the flint and resinous and glutinous matter contained in the blade. The recovery of the process has at last been effected."

Our friends in the paper manufacture tell us that there is no difficulty in making paper out of almost everything that has been from time to time suggested. That is not the practical question. The question is, can the raw material be produced at such prices and in such large quantities, as will render it cheaper and more available than the rags and straw used at present. The manufacturer will say, for instance, Can you furnish me daily, or even weekly, with several tons of the article you refer me to, at a cheaper price than I can buy rags or straw? If you can, the article may be worth experimenting upon; if you cannot, the question is settled.

And inexperienced people are often greatly mistaken as to the amount of an article that can be procured. They are like the country storekeeper who contracted, under a penalty, with a St. Louis merchant, for half-a-dozen barrels of bullfrogs' hind legs. He thought that there were any amount of bullfrogs in his neighborhood; but after the boys had enabled him, by their heroic efforts, to fill the first barrel about quarter full, he found the frogs began to come in very slowly—and that it would be utterly impossible to entirely fill even the first barrel, as the fun-loving purchaser well knew. And thus an article may appear to be very abundant, and yet be entirely inadequate to supply the large and regular demand of a paper manufacturer.

Another fact also must be remembered in this connection—that in the event of a cheap and plentiful article being discovered, the competition would probably bring down the price of rags, and thus the new article would have to share the market with the old one at a reduced price. This, however, would be to the general advantage, although it might seriously lessen the margin of profit to the producer of the new article.

In conclusion, it is to be hoped that all the efforts at present making to find some good substitute for rags, will not be ineffectual. Straw, so far, we believe, is the only article that has been found that can be used to much advantage. The refuse of the Chinese Sugar Cane, after being pressed, as yet has been produced in too small quantities in the neighborhood of the paper mills, to be of much service. The cheapness of this latter article however, and the possibility of obtaining it in large quantities, is greatly in its favor; and it may be that the regions where the Chinese Cane is largely cultivated, will hereafter manufacture sufficient paper for the wants of the towns and cities of the Mississipi valley.

"ENGLISH UNDEFILED."

An article in a recent number of one of the London periodicals, comments humorously upon the dislike many old-fashioned gentlemen have to "new-fangled" foreign phrases—how they contend for what they think English undefiled, in preference to such "foreign lingo"—in blessed ignorance that their "English undefiled" is already full of the "lingoes" in question. A few references to the Asiatic terms, for instance, which the article referred to shows have been made perfectly at home in our language, may be instructive to old-fashioned gentlemen on this side of the ocean also.

The word *tea*, originally pronounced *tay*, and sometimes spelled *chaa*, is a Chinese word. *Caddy*—tea-caddy—is a corruption of *Katti*, the Malay name of a Chinese weight. Fine tea of this weight, a pound and one-third avoirdupois, used to be imported in small boxes—hence the word caddy. *Cockatoo*, *gutta-percha*, *gamboge*, *sago*, and *orang-outang* are all also of Malay origin.

Coffee is the Arabic word *kahwah*, the Turkish *kahve*—both signifying wine. The prophet forbade wine proper, but not coffee; he knowing in fact nothing of it, it not being used at Mecca until 1454. The coffee bush is a native of Abyssinia, and was thence transplanted to Arabia.

The word *Admiral* is from the Arabic *amir*, a lord, or chieftain. *Amir al*, means *the amir, the chief.* Milton uses the word *Amiral*, omitting the d:—

> "His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
> Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
> Of some great *amiral*, were but a wand,
> He walked with to support uneasy steps."

The letter *d* was introduced into the word either for the sake of euphony, or form a notion that admiral was an abbreviation of admirable.

Chintz, *sugar* and *bamboo* are from the Hindoo. *Shawl*, *fairy*, *emerald*, *sepoy*, *indigo*, and *jackal* are either Persic or Turkish. Alcohol is the Arabic *al kahola* which means, says our authority, "the sulphuret or common ore of antimony, used by the Arab women to blacken the eyebrows. The alchemists were accustomed to distil the mineral along with ardent spirit, believing a highly concentrated spirit to be the result. Remarkably enough, the whole art of distillation was introduced into Spain by the Arabs, from whence it was extended to the rest of Europe; and thus a people who hold the use of spirits to be unlawful, taught the process of manufacturing them. But probably they were used in the first instance medicinally, as opium by the Chinese; and hence we have the French *eau de vie*, and the Celtic *usquebaugh*, or whiskey both signifying 'water of life.' A common name for a mixture of spirits and water, *toddy*, is taken from the Hindoo word *tadi*, meaning the sap or wine of a palm."

We conclude with the following quotation from the writer of whose statements we have already so freely availed ourselves.

Speak of your horse as a *barb*, or of a murderer as an *assassin;* of sitting in an *alcove* or on a *sofa;* of studying *alg ebra* or *chemistry;* of buying *damask* or *mohair;* of scenting *otto of roses* or *spikenard;* of liking an *orange, lemon* or *damson;* of drinking *sherbet* or burning *naphtha;* of plaguing a *shrub* or discharging a *scullion*, and you use Arabic derivatives. In fact, all the figures in Mr. Bull's accounts of petty cash, his ledger and day-book, have been obtained from the Arabs.—There is one word derived from the same source, that of *nabob*, literally a deputy or lieutenant, which came to be applied to a wealthy man returned from India; and thereby hangs a tale. It was brought into use soon after the conquests of Clive, was once very common, but is now rarely heard, probably 'because the road to easy, ill gotten wealth in that region has been closed. The way was open enough to Sir Thomas Rumbold, who went out there empty-handed, rose to be Governor of Madras, and was dismissed from office in 1781. His original calling was that of shoeblack at Arthur's Club, where the head-waiter was one Robert MacGrath. On his return home, laden with spoil, an epigram appeared, said to have had Charles James Fox for its author:—

> "When Mr. MacGrath reigned o'er Arthur's crew,
> He said to Rumbold, 'black my shoe,'
> And Rumbold answered, 'ya-Bob.'
> But now returned from India's land,
> He proudly scorns the base command,
> And boldly answers, 'Nabob.'"

Alas for poor Mr. Bull, and his ideas of sole indebtedness for his syllables to the land of his birth—dear old England! Orientalism cleaves to him in death as in life; for when the troubles of the world are over with him, he is borne to the grave in a *coffin*, a word derived from the tongue of Araby the Blest.

PROMISING JUNIORS.

A daily contemporary, in speaking of the promotion of Col. Sumner to the Brigadier-Generalship left vacant by Twiggs, says:—

> Scott and Wool are both very old. Twiggs, who was also quite aged, has been dismissed. Worth is dead, and Riley also. The brave old generals who adorned our service so long will soon have all disappeared from the service. It is, therefore, a good thing to see a race of bold, able and chivalrous men, like Sumner, *rising up* to take their places. When the vacancies created by the resignations and dismissals in the army shall all have been filled by the promotion of *promising juniors*, the service will be all the better and more vigorous for the change.

If it be true, as we see it stated, that Gen. Sumner is now "about *sixty* years of age," our contemporary's ideas of a "rising race" and "promising juniors" will appear somewhat amusing to all readers under fifty. As for vigorous "middle-aged" men of eighty or ninety, they doubtless will consider the phrase a very suitable one.

In this connection we may say, that the history of nearly all wars bears testimony to this one truth—that if a nation has any famous old generals, the wisest thing it can do before entering upon a serious conflict, is to withdraw them from all active service. In our war of 1812 with England, the conflict on our side was a succession of disasters until the old veterans at the head of affairs were placed upon the shelf. Age, as a general thing, makes a commander too cautious—especially if he is all the time nervously fearful of forfeiting an already great reputation. There can be no splendid successes in war, without taking considerable risks of failure. Danton's motto, "To dare, and to dare, and always to dare," will seldom be the motto of any but a young commander who has his blood-red laurels to win. And this being the case, it is a great pity that a man in the army—and navy, too, for that matter—seldom attains any position of great responsibility until he is a "promising junior" of about sixty; while from thirty to fifty probably is the period when a commander is generally best fitted for active service on sea or land.

Kentucky versus Ohio.—Chief Justice Taney has given the decision of the Supreme Court against Ohio in point of constitutional right, but against Kentucky in point of practical fact. He says that it is the duty of Ohio to deliver up all fugitives from Kentucky, whether the act of which the fugitive stands accused is criminal or not in Ohio, provided it is a crime in Kentucky—but that the Court cannot grant a writ of mandamus to compel such delivery, for the reason that Congress cannot impose any Federal duty on the officers of a State.

☞ Half a million packs of cards are made annually in London.

☞ A man inflexibly good seems all the better for living in the midst of bad men—just as roses and violets are said to spring more fragrant near garlic and onions, the latter imbibing all the ill odor of the earth.

☞ The great western plains of America form a longitudinal parallelogram nearly 1,000 miles wide, extending from the Rocky Mountains to the western border of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, and Iowa, equal to the surface of 24 States between the Mississippi and the Atlantic, without a single abrupt mountain, timbered space, desert or lake.

☞ A member of a military company was, the other day, at Utica, talking about "going to the wars." He said that if he went he would take his child with him.

"How will you carry it?" asked the wife.

"Oh, strap it on my back," said he.

"Oh, don't," exclaimed the wife, "for he will be the first to be shot!"

☞ A clever female French writer says women should not sit beside the man they wish to conquer, but opposite him. "Attack a heart by full front, not by profile!" is her expression.

☞ A wealthy gentleman, who has a decided will of his own, and a somewhat irrascible temper, was sick. His troubles were a gouty foot and a disordered stomach. Dr. Allopatha attended to the foot, and Dr. Homœpath to the stomach. One day Dr. A., after carefully bandaging the painful, gouty foot, asked the gentleman to let him see his tongue. "No," growled the irritated man, "Dr. H. attends to that. You can take care of your own end."

☞ A writer in the Home Journal, in closing some pleasant reminiscences of Irving, says:—"It is now nearly a year since Irving left us, and the stranger visiting his grave still finds fresh flowers, placed there by some loving hand."

LETTER FROM PIKE'S PEAK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mountain City, Feb. 17th, 1861.

Mr. Editor: I am at leisure for a few hours, and thought that I would occupy part of it in writing a few lines to your paper.

Such awful weather as we have at this place, and have had all winter until the present time, is sufficient to cause us poor miners to leave this cold climate, and go down to South Carolina, where the climate, we hear, is warmer. The weather has been so severe here this winter, that the mills are nearly all frozen up. There are some 350 mills here, and out of that number there is not more than twenty of them that can run, and those that do run don't save one-fourth of the gold. The average of gold taken out to the cord is $150 to $200. There has been as high as $850 taken out of a cord of quartz. The gulch gold is worth two dollars more than the lode gold, but it is not near so plenty. I am in the part of the mines called Gregory Diggings, and there are some dozen of cities within a range of 40 miles each way from here. Mountain City is the principal city in these diggings. Denver is the principal city in the valley; that is just 40 miles from Mountain City. We have four coaches running daily between Denver and this city; express mail three times a week from the States, and government mail once a week. There is between eighty and a hundred thousand inhabitants. The Spring emigration will be very large to this place from the States, and there will be a very large emigration from here to California and old Mexico. I am going to be one of the number that go to Mexico. I am tired of the gold mines. There is no money here for me. Now my advice is to the poor people of the States, to stay at home. Men that have plenty of capital may come to this country. Some people think they can come out here and make or pick up the gold on the ground, and fill their pockets, and then leave for home.

I will just relate a little incident that happened here last Spring. There were in the State of Missouri four young men that put out their crops, and then started for the Pike's Peak gold mines, and came out not a great ways from here. They said when they left home, that they were going to the mines to make eight or ten thousand dollars apiece, and go home in time to cut and take in their crops. The time limited must have been somewheres in the neighborhood of three months, to come to the mines, 600 miles from the Missouri river, and get or dig that amount out of the earth, and then go back that distance to the States—and all to be done in three months time!

I think those calculations were very small for fast men. Those same men are at present in the mines, and what money they brought with them they have spent, and at present have not money to take them home, and it has now been ten months in the place of three.

Now I would advise those who will come to this country, not to make too big a calculation, unless they bring a large sum with them to pay expenses. I am living within twenty miles of the Snowy Range, and in sight of it. There has not been ten days in the last three months that it did not snow there. The snow in some places, is from fifty to eighty feet deep through the winter. In the summer season it is not so deep, but it never melts away; for in the middle of last summer, I travelled over some two hundred miles of the range, and I know that we crossed over snow banks that were forty feet deep, and frozen very hard. These banks covered acres of ground, or rather rock, for the range is principally rock. The snow don't lay right on the tip of the range, but just on the edges, where it commences to slope down; it all drifts off of the top.

Yours, very truly, H.

☞ Mr. Bright says there are a million able-bodied laborers who cultivate the soil of England and Wales, and their average wages, (and it is much higher than in Ireland,) is ten shillings sterling, equal to $2.40 per week, or forty cents a day, upon which to support themselves and their families.

☞ Stone-Breaking.—An admirable invention is said to have been brought into use at Creusot, in France, for breaking stones upon the road. Blocks of granite of the greatest weight may be reduced in a moment to small pieces of any size which may be wished. How invaluable will this machine be to colonists in districts abounding in rocks, which they have to clear away before they can command any large space of soil for their seed crops and vegetable gardens!

☞ "How is it," said a gentleman to Sheridan, "that your name has not O attached to it? Your family is Irish, and no doubt illustrious." "No family has a better right to O than our family," said Sheridan, "for we owe everybody."

☞ "Why, Sowerby, what's the matter? You don't look quite so blue as you did. What have you been taking?" "Nothing but my meals for the last fortnight, Dr. Hobbleday." "Ah, I thought you seemed off your physic."

☞ "Do you call them large turnips?" "Why, yes, they are considerable large." "They may be for turnips, but they are nothing to an onion I saw the other day." "And how large was the onion?" "Oh, a monster; it weighed forty pounds." "Forty pounds?" "Yes, we took off the layers and the sixteenth layer went round a barrel that held four gallons!" "What a whopper!" "You don't mean to say I tell a falsehood?" "Oh, no; what a whopper of an onion, I mean."

☞ A rural youth was in New York one day, and dropped casually into a hardware store. Lounging through the store he came to a large buzz saw, suspended against the wall. Giving it a rap with his knuckles, producing a sharp ring, he remarked to the storekeeper, who came up at that moment:

"I had an old dad ripped to pieces with one of them fellers last week."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A Useful Invention—Where Lavender-Water Comes From—Death to Snails—A Child Regiment—An Egyptian Fete.

Paris, Feb. 22d, 1861.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

A very interesting report has just been published by the committee appointed by the Municipality of Paris, to examine a new system of bread-making, proposed by M. Mege-Mowries, an amateur, who has devoted many years and much money to the investigation of certain important points in the branch of manufacture on which the health and comfort of the world so greatly depends. Long details of the experiments made by the inventor are given in the report, but are rather too technical for the general reader. The reporters say that, until recently, the brown color of bread of inferior quality has been universally attributed to the presence of particles of bran; but M. Mege maintains that this darker color is due solely to the influence of cerealine and embryon membrane, which he considers as agents of decomposition, while the particles of bran retain their proper color, and merely make the bread what bakers term *foxy*. Joining practice to theory, M. Mege set up a bake-house, in 1857, and began making bread on his own system. In the following spring, committees were appointed to investigate the advantages of his method; when it was stated, as the result of these inquiries, that the bread made by M. Mege was as good as ordinary bread, but that the process of making was attended with certain inconveniences to which it was desirable to find a remedy. M. Mege then devoted himself to making a fresh series of experiments, to which he has devoted three years, and the report just presented affirms that his bread is not only quite as good as any other, but presents an economy of three francs per sack, when flour is at fifty francs. One great advantage of the new process is that, by it, grain of inferior quality, at present used only for distilling, or for feeding cattle, can be converted into excellent bread; and another is that, a greater proportion of flour can be obtained from good grain than by the ordinary mode of making, and the bread be still as white and nutritious as that obtained in the ordinary way. The Commission says:—"The white bread now sold in Paris is made with flour manipulated in such a way as to obtain about 70 per cent. of the weight of the wheat. M. Mege makes bread of quite as good a quality, and obtains 80 per cent.; it is therefore a matter of public interest to encourage the propagation of a process by which such a result can be ensured. The importance of the saving so made will be better appreciated when it is known that the corn thus economised would, in the course of a year, be equal to the consumption of 45 days for all Paris, on the annual consumption of this city. The Municipality of Paris regards the invention as exceedingly valuable, and has liberally assisted M. Mege in the expenses of his researches. That body strongly recommends the adoption of his system; and expresses regret at the probability that many bakers, having already the old machinery now in use, will be indisposed to incur the expense of purchasing the apparatus necessary for carrying out the method invented by this gentleman.

To the young-lady readers of The Post, however, it is probable that *flowers* will be a more sympathetic subject than *flour*, notwithstanding their appreciation of the latter under certain forms, at certain hours of the day; and that an easy method of extracting the perfume from those charming children of Summer, will be voted by them to be a more agreeable piece of information than any improvement introduced into the prosaic art of bread-making. The odor of flowers, as everybody knows, is due to a volatile oil constantly generated and given off by the plant. This perfume is called by chemists an "essential" oil. When the flowers are distilled with water, the essential oil rises with the steam, and is condensed with it in the still-worm. The following simple and effectual plan of procuring the odors of flowers may be adopted by all, and will be found a delightful and economical amusement by all who possess gardens:—The flowers must be gathered with as little stalk as possible, and placed in a jar three parts full of sweet olive or almond oil. After the flowers have been in the oil from twelve to twenty-four hours, the whole must be put into a coarse cloth, and the oil forcibly squeezed from them; then fresh flowers must be added, and this process repeated for twenty days, according to the strength of the perfume desired.

In all the gardens there are "flowers that waste their sweetness," and may just as well be made useful by means of the simple process just described. Where, however, the odor of only one flower is required, an incredible quantity of flowers are necessary to produce a scented oil, and for that purpose must be specially cultivated, as, for instance, is the delightful blossom that forms the staple of the "lavender-farms."

One of the loveliest sights to be seen in England is a lavender-field, as charming to the eye from the matchless color of its blossoms, as delicious to the olfactory organ from its exquisite perfume, as are the sprays of fragrant leaves and flowers when stirred by the summer-breeze. England alone can show a "lavender-field." The lavender-farms are situated at Mitcham, in Surrey, and at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, and contain about 270 acres. Every acre yields about 6,200 lbs. of flowers. Every hundred pounds of these give up, by distillation, about one pound of the otto of lavender; so that there is an annual production of nearly 7,000 lbs. of lavender otto. It takes six ounces of this otto to make one gallon of lavender water; so that Britannia and her children—Jamaica, Canada, Australia, and others—with a few strangers, as Russia, Germany, the United States, use, each year, the enormous quantity of 17,000 gallons of this favorite spirit.

The lavender-farms are resorted to by all the butterflies for miles round; and as for the bees, their hum, in such vast numbers as those in which they resort to the lavender feast, is quite enchanting; and so fond are they of the lavender-blossoms that, as the sprays fall before the sickle, and are bound into sheaves, they follow them even at the sacrifice of life into the boiling still.

In connection with flowers may be mentioned, as worth remembering by those who have gardens, that if iodine be put into any vessel—as a flower-pot for instance left slightly covered, or turned upside down—the emanations from the substance will attract slugs and snails from a considerable distance, when they may be destroyed by hundreds, completely clearing the ground of them.

Although a great stickler for etiquette, the Emperor has, in many things, a very democratic and *humane* sort of way of acting, and he seems to be bringing up his son in the same manner. The little fellow is surrounded, to the fullest extent, with the splendors and deferent ceremonial of the purple, has a grand escort whenever he takes an airing, and is treated, in every respect, with all the honors due to the heir of what the French style, and devoutly believe to be, "the first throne in the universe." But the little fellow, who evidently possesses a kindly and generous nature, is nevertheless encouraged to take and to show a warm interest in those about him; and especially in the little people, who, being born on the same day with himself, are the god-children of the Emperor and Empress, the children received into the Orphan Asylum—called after him (and founded by the Empress with the money raised by the city of Paris to buy her a necklace in honor of her having given an heir to the empire)—and the children of the Imperial Guard, who are being formed into a regiment by themselves, to be called "the Guard of the Prince Imperial." The little fellow, who has already given several *fetes* to the latter, has just given another to the 1st division of Infantry of his future soldiers. The children, all in full uniform, with knapsacks and muskets, were drawn up in line in the court-yard of the Tuileries; where they were passed in review, under the windows of the palace, by General Mellinet, the little Prince witnessing the doings from a window, and so beside himself with delight at the sight of the evolutions performed by the little soldiers, that he kept clapping his hands in ecstacy. As soon as the manœuvres were over, the Emperor made his appearance in the court, leading the little Prince by the hand; and accompanied by Marshal St. Jean d'Angely, and some aids-de-camp. The Prince was in uniform, with a tiny sword at his side; but, at his request, his musket and knapsack were brought from the palace, and attached to his shoulders, in order that he might be like the other children. The Emperor and Prince, who were received with the beating of drums and the acclamations of the little soldiers, passed down the line, and the children proceeded to execute the various movements, the bayonet exercise, &c., in all of which they displayed remarkable precision and skill. While these movements were going on, the Empress appeared at a balcony regarding alternately, and with marked interest, the doings of the little soldiers and the delight of her son. When the exercises were over, the children filed away, the Prince placing his musket with the others. The children were then formed into a column, and filed off before the Emperor and the Prince, raising loud cries of "*Vive l'Empereur! vive l'Imperatrice!* vive le Prince Imperial!" The *defile* over, the Prince advanced to the children, took two of them by the hand, and inviting them all to follow, led the way into the palace, where a collation was prepared for them. The Prince presided at the feast, which was exceedingly gay; and on its conclusion, the little soldiers marched off in high glee, with drums beating, and fifes playing.

The etiquette of the French Court prescribes that the heir to the throne shall reside with his parents until his seventh year; at which period he has a household of his own, and is taken out of the hands of governesses and nurses, and confided to a governor, tutors, and male attendants. The child has inherited his parents' fondness for horse-exercise, and is being carefully trained in the equestrian art. His first desires for a steed were gratified by the present of a donkey, but he soon became tired of that sort of riding, and begged hard for a horse. Queen Victoria then sent him a beautiful little Highland pony, scarcely bigger than a sheep, called "Balmoral," a gift which gave its recipient immense pleasure. Since then he has had two larger ponies, also a pretty little carriage (green, and the wheels pricked out with red) drawn by these two ponies, and driven by himself about the park of St. Cloud. The little fellow has a nice, intelligent face, at once thoughtful and lively, dark hair, a little inclining to curls, and blue eyes; he does not, as yet, in the least resemble either of his parents, but looks like a well-made, healthy, and well-gifted child, with his full share of a child's mobility and liveliness. As he drives by for his regular afternoon airing in the Bois de Boulogne, preceded and followed by his glittering escort of cavalry and outriders, one cannot help wondering what may be the course of his future, and whether the end of his career may see him in possession of the splendors that have surrounded its beginning. A point on which, could we be enlightened, we should be better able to give a guess touching many others, of highest import to the immediate future of our unquiet Europe and its destinies.

Another fete, of a very different character, but in which a little prince was the principal figure, took place about the same time at Cairo, where, just before the departure of the Egyptian Viceroy on his pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina—probably with a view to a personal conference with Abd-el Kader, who is also gone thither—Said Pacha's only son, Tassoun Pacha, underwent the unpleasant ceremony of circumcision, the important affair being followed by a grand banquet and fete, and the illumination of the banks of the river. The little prince, who has spent much time in Paris and London, with his English nurse, and the suite attached to his service, speaks French and English perfectly, and is receiving something like a European education; but having now reached the mature age of seven, it was considered indispensable to subject him to the rite to whose performance the Mahomedans attach as much importance as the Jews, to take him out of the hands of his nurse, and to set him up, under masculine guardianship, in an establishment of his own. The fete and banquet were given as usual, nine days after the religious ceremonial; and began by the visit of the little prince to the Temple of the Kasa-el-Nile. He left the citadel at half-past nine, escorted by a guard of honor, and mounted on a very small horse. As soon as he reached the temple, the high-priests and readers of the Koran were admitted to the building, and presented to the child, the ministers of the Crown, and dignitaries of Egypt being next presented to him. Prayers were then said, the letters of the Arabian alphabet were read for the first time by the prince, and the service terminated as it had begun, by salvos of artillery, and the music of the military bands, which were continued at short intervals, and throughout the day. The Viceroy showed himself for a short time at the peristyle of his palace, and was greeted by the noisy acclamations of the crowd. At three o'clock, the wife of the Viceroy—who has the rank of princess, and has adopted the little prince, whose mother is a slave—came to the scene of the fete, accompanied by all the ladies of the harem, in the carriages of the Viceroy. A large tent had been erected, into which the carriages entered, and in which the fair dames could alight without being seen by the crowd. This tent was prolonged down to the banks of the river, where a state-barge was in waiting, prepared for their reception. In this barge they remained all the rest of the day, and through the night, watching the fete, but themselves invisible. The illuminations and fireworks are said to have been really magnificent. The latter were placed on board of large rafts, moored in the river; on either hand were twenty barges ranged in a straight line, covered with flags and colored lamps. The brilliant flotilla was ranged in front of the great square temple of Kasa-el-Nile, whose vast walls were lit up with above a million of lamps. In the midst of the circle of fire just described, was a clump of trees, so thickly studded with lights, that it looked like a forest taken possession of by myriads of glow-worms. Opposite these trees was the palace of the Viceroy, whose gilded saloons were brilliantly lighted up, and whose open windows displayed the glittering costumes of the dignitaries of the court, the uniforms of officers of the army, the crosses and orders of the diplomatic representatives of foreign powers. The Viceroy, in splendid costume, moved about in the lighted rooms, or appeared on the portico of the palace; the crowd outside displaying every variety of turbans and the flowing garments of the East; the illuminations were reflected in the river, and lighted up the swarthy faces and picturesque costumes of the crowd, the town, and the sombre masses of the pyramids in the back-ground, and the spectacle altogether is declared to have resembled the fairy scenes of the Arabian Nights, and other gorgeous creations of Oriental fancy.

QUANTUM.

Warlike.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald says:—

"Information has just been received in this city of the most important character from Montgomery. The Southern Administration know that the evacuation of Forts Sumter and Pickens (?) has been decided on. Despatches from General Beauregard represent that it would be utterly impossible for any united force that the Administration at Washington could collect to prevent the surrender of Major Anderson before the lapse of many weeks. Despatches from Washington have also assured the Montgomery Government that no attempt at reinforcement will be made, and that the troops of the United States will be soon withdrawn. President Davis, has, however, received the most ominous communication from his friends here, respecting the intentions of the Lincoln Administration to blockade Southern ports, and make an attempt to collect the revenue. He is assured that the most strenuous and active measures are being taken to concentrate the naval forces of the North, and that not only Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans, and Mobile will be blockaded—Forts Pickens, Jefferson, and Taylor reinforced—but that, if necessary, vessels will be chartered to keep up as active a surveillance as possible of all parts of the coast, where there are ports of entry, between South Carolina and the Rio Grande.

"The indignation that prevails at Montgomery and elsewhere, in view of this prospective attempt to carry out the threats in Mr. Lincoln's inaugural, knows no bounds. Cabinet meetings have been held, and it has been resolved, at the first appearance of hostilities, or just so soon as a single vessel has been stopped outside of any Southern port, put the whole available force of the South in motion, and to march through the Border States upon Washington. Fifty thousand troops can be collected without difficulty, and, so far from any opposition being apprehended from Virginia, Maryland, and North Carolina, it is believed that the people will rally to reinforce the invading army, and assist them with arms as well as sympathy."

Cotton Warehouses at Havana.—The Cuban Messenger states that the Spanish Government has granted the establishment of large bonded warehouses in Havana, for the deposit of cotton from the United States, which is to be imported without any duties, and deposited in the warehouses, to pay the nominal duty of two per cent. at the time of re-exportation, as is done with other goods that are admitted into bonded stores. The Messenger thinks this will prove of great advantage both to the cotton-growing States and to the countries that consume the article, as the port of Havana presents many facilities for entering and taking cargo which are not found in New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston or Savannah.

Homestead Law.—A homestead law, which has passed both branches of the Michigan Legislature, donates to the actual settler eighty acres instead of forty acres, as under the old law. It also throws around the State new safeguards against imposition and spoliation.

The Empire Spring, at Saratoga, has been sold for $100,000.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

The Cabinet held another meeting on the 15th, at which General Scott was present. This strengthens the surmise that they were in consultation on military affairs.

J. H. Wheeler, ex-Minister to Nicaragua, has been removed from the position of document clerk in the Interior Department.

Accounts from Charleston, say that Governor Pickens and General Beauregard have decided on erecting fortifications at Stone Island, and at all the inlets leading to that harbor.

Col. Forney, in command of the Pensacola Navy Yard, informed the Commander of the U. S. steamer Brooklyn, on the 8th, that he could get no more water or coal at that station.

Chief Justice Taney and Justice Catron dissented from the opinion of the majority of the Supreme Court in the case of Mrs. Gaines. It is understood that Mrs. Gaines will recover possession of the property of her father, by a compromise with the present occupants.

The Commissioners from the Confederate States expect no answer to their communication for several days. It is understood that the matter of their embassy is now engaging the attention of the Cabinet.

From the latest dispatches of Major Anderson, it appears that the provisions in Fort Sumter might be made to last for another month.

Great weight is attached in political circles to the declaration of Mr. Fessenden in the Senate, that the Administration contemplated a policy of peace, and would exercise no authority not strictly in accordance with law, and not until time has been taken for an examination of the question in all its bearings.

Reports have been received to the effect that a collision has occurred between the United States troops and the Seceders at Pensacola. No small stir has been [illegible] the rumors.

The Fort Sumter Case.—The evacuation of Fort Sumter has been discussed, it is said, in no less than nine sittings of the Cabinet. The suggested operations by sea have been considered with the fullest facts which the charts and personal knowledge of Prof. Bache and the highest naval authorities could furnish. The best science in the engineer corps has been called into requisition. Superadded to all those, and other sources of instruction, the skill and sagacity of Gen. Scott have been fully invoked. They all concur in advising the withdrawal of Major Anderson's command, and it would be presumptuous to question this judgment on this strictly military matter.

Upon the data of Major Anderson's last statement to the War Department, his stock of bread is reduced to fourteen days, and rice to about twenty-three. With the other supplies on hand, he might maintain himself a month.

The President and Cabinet feel the seriousness and importance of this act, and, therefore, are determined to protect themselves at every point before taking the irrevocable step. They will show the country that it cannot be avoided, and that the whole responsibility belongs to their predecessors, who purposely entailed this complication upon them.

The Senate.—The following resolution passed the Senate on the 14th:—

Whereas, The seats occupied by Messrs. Brown and Davis, of Mississippi, Mallory, of Florida, Clay, of Alabama, Toombs, of Georgia, and Benjamin, of Louisiana, as members of the Senate, have become vacant,

Therefore be it Resolved, That the Secretary be directed to omit their names respectively from the roll.

Mr. Mason proposed to amend the resolution, by making it read that the gentlemen named "have ceased to be members." But the amendment was voted down, and the resolution as above given adopted by 24 ayes to 10 nays. The resolution to expel Mr. Wigfall was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

On the 15th, Mr. Mason of Virginia, offered a resolution of inquiry as to the United States troops in Washington, why they were brought there, why they remain, whether they are to be increased, &c. It was laid over. Mr. Douglas's resolution of inquiry as to the forts in the seceding States, whether those lost are to be recaptured, for what purpose, and how, was brought up. Mr. Douglas advocated his resolution at length. He had arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Lincoln does not meditate war. It must be evident to the Administration that the government has no power to collect revenue in the seceding States, nor could it call out the militia, unless to act as a *posse comitatus* to the Federal officers in cases where the execution of the laws is obstructed. If it should be the design of the Administration to retake the forts and other public property in the seceding States, it would be necessary to employ an army of 250,000 men, at a cost of over $300,000,000 annually. In conclusion, he advocated such amendments to the Constitution as would hold the border States. This would secure the eventual reunion of all the States.

Messrs. Wilson, Hale, and Fessenden opposed the resolution, taking no positive ground on the main question, but treating Mr. Douglas's remarks ironically. Mr. Hale applied to Mr. Douglas a little speech, which he said was to be found in an old Book, the 15th chapter of Second Samuel, fourth verse, as follows:

"Absalom said, moreover, that if *I* were judge in the land, every man which hath any suit or cause might come unto me, and I will do them justice." (Laughter.)

This speech he preferred to his own crude ideas as a reply to the Senator.

Mr. Fessenden said that the tendency and design of Mr. Douglas's speech was to induce a belief that the country is about being plunged into civil war by an act of the Administration, and to inflame the suspicions of the people.

Mr. Douglas (after an altercation of a personal character with Mr. Fessenden,) said he expected to give these gentlemen some trouble during this session. I know their schemes, and I am determined that they shall not break up the Union, and draw the country into civil war!

Tariff of the Southern Confederation.—The Tariff act has been published. It will go into operation on the first of May. As compared with the Tariff act of the United States, most of the 30 per cent. duties are reduced to 25 per cent., and the greater portion of the 22 and 19 per cent. duties to 15 per cent. There is a large 10 per cent. schedule, and a very small free list.

Some of the items are as follows:—

Distilled spirits, wines, manufactured tobacco, and glass, 25 per cent.; fancy articles generally, 20 per cent.; malt liquors, earthenware, iron, copper, wood, cottons, hemp, flax, and substantial manufactures, 15 per cent.; coal, drugs, jewelry, woollens, and iron rails, 10 per cent.; ice, $2 per ton; sailing vessels, steamers, munitions of war, arms, works of art traders' tools, beef, pork, flour, corn and coffee, free.

The Shakers of Canterbury, N. H., have just executed an order for 500 cans of their famous apple sauce for Java.

Lieut. Slemmer has about forty men engaged in raising a sand battery about a quarter of a mile to the eastward of Fort Pickens, on Santa Rosa Island. This commands the only land approach to the fort.

MEMORY.

BY G. T. B.

Long years have passed, since you and I together
Roamed hand in hand, beneath the greenwood trees,
Where stars looked down, reflected in the river,
Whose surface rippled with the evening breeze,
When spring-time brought to life the hidden flowers,
I wove a garland, placed it on thy brow:
I walk to-day, beside the same clear river,
And wonder what the garland is—worn now.

Tho' ocean rolls between thy home and mine,
My thoughts are often where I met thee last,
Beneath the shadow of the drooping willow
Where I breathed vows of love—a love now past.
To-night beside me, loving stands another,
My chosen guide thro' all my future years—
His hand in mine, I tell him of another,
A love, for whose return we have no fears.

Yet in the twilight, I am often musing,
And wish where e'er thy lot be, blessings rest.
My heart remembers how it bowed before thee
To offer homage—greater than the best.
If tears have fallen—they were not for sorrow
As last I kissed thy proud and haughty brow;
But fell to blot out every other feeling,
Except forgiveness, which I bear thee now.

"OLD AGE IS HONORABLE."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

So it is, and we just begin to realize that we are growing old; it is no use to put away the thought, for it will come back to us when we look, and see the marks of time on all around us.

The old homestead itself tells the tale; it was a new building when we first entered it, and now the tall trees, mere saplings when we planted them, strive in vain to conceal its weather-stained and dilapidated condition, by spreading their long arms lovingly above and around it.

Many, many years have we lived and toiled, been well and ill, happy and sad, in this same mansion. It was here we raised our young brood, fed them, taught them, worked for them, and rejoiced over them.

Looking forward still for that "good time coming," we thought not, as we toiled for their comfort and support, that we should ever look back upon those busy hours, as the brightest and happiest of our lives.

But it is so, for while we were striving for the support and comfort of our children, we had them with us, and their bright smiles and happy voices cheered every hour of toil.—Young feet pattered about the garden, and young hands were stretched out to help or hinder us as we worked. Merry voices rang through room and hall, and bright eyes welcomed us home from our shortest rambles.

The deep interest we felt in all their little joys and griefs, kept us so constantly engaged that we quite forgot to grow old, gracefully, and by degrees, as we should have done; but all at once we became aware of the fact that we were no longer young. For of late we have heard a fluttering in the old nest, our birds would try their wings, they are no longer satisfied with the "happy valley." Ah, that first fluttering sound, be it ever so slight, comes like a thunder-clap to a parent's heart, and tells us plainly that the cherished brood do not exist for us alone; that they must go forth and battle with the world. Our arms can no longer shield them, they will go, and we must remain. 'Tis an old story; we have often heard it, but we never realize it until our own hearth has been made desolate by the absence of a child. Let them once leave home for even a few months, and they can never again take the same place, or fill the void made by that first separation. They may be men and women grown, but we look upon them all as children so long as they remain with us.

When we hear an absent child spoken of as a "worthy man" or an "excellent woman," it is very difficult for us to feel that the person thus mentioned is our own child, the once merry boy or girl that a few short years ago (oh, *how* short!) sat upon our knee, played upon the door-step, rolled over the grass plot, and made the old house ring with their childish mirth.

We have never disliked the idea of growing old, but rather looked forward to it as a time when we could rest from our labors, and live at ease. Now we shudder at the thought of the lonely hours we may have to spend in the old homestead, and wonder how we will have often to employ ourselves.

Is our work all done? must we now fold our hands and sit in silence in the old rooms where, for so many years, our hands and voices were so constantly required? Must this change be? Or shall we do as many parents have done, give up our home, and follow the footsteps and fortunes of our children? Forbid it, reason! Let us retain our own individuality, at least until we have entered our second childhood. We may feel sad and desolate by the old fireside; the vacant places at our table may cause many a deep sigh, but it is *our own* table and fireside still, and while we keep them we will have no need to humble ourselves to those who should still obey us. We have too often observed that children and grandparents are apt to be placed on the same level, and in many families the children's wants are first attended to.

"I should like to take a short ride to-day, if convenient," said an old lady to her daughter the other day.

"Well, you can do so, mother, *after* George and Mary come back; they want to go first, dear little things!"

This is no uncommon case, and no unkindness was intended, but had that old lady been in her own house, and her daughter, with the children, been visiting her, this scene would not have occurred.

Grandma living with her children, and grandma's children living with her, are very different situations to be placed in, particularly to grandma, as many have found to their cost. We have compared the two pictures, and concluded that the old house has still a comfortable look. We will stick to the old nest, and should our birdlings, weary of their wanderings, seek for a shelter from the dark clouds and threatening storms of the world, they shall find it here. Should they feel for us in our loneliness, and wish to cheer us by their presence, we will gladly welcome them.

We are growing old, but we may still see many a bright day, and pleasant memories of past hours will cheer and enliven us. Time has dealt kindly with us. Very few have been our sorrows, our pathway from youth to age has been covered with flowers, and we have no cause to murmur. We would not, if we could, retrace that flowery way; but, thankful for the comforts we still possess, we will calmly settle down into old age.

AUNT ALICE.

THE MANAGEMENT OF FORCE.

But every jet of chaos which threatens to exterminate us, is convertible by intellect into wholesome force. Fate is unpenetrated causes. The water drowns ship and sailor, like a grain of dust. But learn to swim, trim your bark, and the wave which drowned it, will be cloven by it, and carry it, like its own foam, a plume and a power. The cold is inconsiderate of persons, tingles your blood, freezes a man like a dew-drop. But learn to skate, and the ice will give you a graceful, sweet, and poetic motion. The cold will brace your limbs and brain to genius, and make you foremost men of time. Cold and sea will train an imperial Saxon race, which nature cannot bear to lose, and, after cooping it up for a thousand years in yonder England, gives a hundred Englands a hundred Mexicos. All the bloods it shall absorb and domineer: and more than Mexicos,—the secrets of water and steam, the spasms of electricity, the ductility of metals, the chariot of the air, the ruddered balloon are awaiting you.

The annual slaughter from typhus far exceeds that of war; but right drainage destroys typhus. The plague in the sea-service from scurvy is healed by lemon juice and other diets portable or procurable; the depopulation by cholera and small pox is ended by drainage and vaccination; and every other pest is not less in the chain of cause and effect, and may be fought off. And, whilst art draws out the venom, it commonly extorts some benefit from the vanquished enemy. The mischievous torrent is taught to drudge for man; the wild beasts he makes useful for food, or dress, or labor; the chemic explosions are controlled like his watch. These are now the steeds on which he rides. Man moves in all modes, by legs of horses, by wings of wind, by steam, by gas of balloon, by electricity, and stands on tiptoe threatening to hunt the eagle in his own element. There's nothing he will not make his carrier.

Steam was, till the other day, the devil which we dreaded. Every pot made by any human potter or brazier had a hole in its cover, to let off the enemy, lest he should lift pot and roof, and carry the house away. But the Marquis of Worcester, Watt and Fulton bethought themselves, that, where was power, was not devil, but was God; that it must be availed of, and not by any means let off and wasted. Could he lift pots and roofs and houses so handily? he was the workman they were in search of. He could be used to lift away, chain, and compel other devils, far more reluctant and dangerous, namely, cubic miles of earth, mountains, weight or resistance of water, machinery, and the labors of all men in the world; and time he shall lengthen, and shorten space.

It has not fared much otherwise with higher kinds of steam. The opinion of the million was the terror of the world, and it was attempted, either to dissipate it by amusing nations, or to pile it over with strata of society,—a layer of soldiers; over that, a layer of lords; and a king on the top; with clamps and hoops of castles, garrisons, and police. But, sometimes, the religious principle would get in, and burst the hoops, and rive every mountain laid on top of it. The Fultons and Watts of politics, believing in unity, saw that it was a power, and, by satisfying it, (as justice satisfies everybody,) through a different disposition of society,—grouping it on a level, instead of piling it into a mountain,—they have contrived to make of this terror the most harmless and energetic form of a State.—*Emerson.*

A BEAUTIFUL EXCUSE.—Every reader must be delighted with the beautiful excuse, which, among others, Sir Thomas More makes why he did not publish his Utopia sooner. It shows us how important that great man considered an attentive performance of the minor duties of life to be. "Seeing that almost the whole of the day is devoted to business abroad, and the remainder of my time to domestic duties, there is none left for myself—that is, for my studies. For, on returning home, I have to talk with my wife, prattle with my children, and converse with my servants; all which things I number among the duties of life; since, if a man would not be a stranger in his own house, he must, by every means in his power, strive to render himself agreeable to those companions of his life whom nature has provided, chance thrown in his way, or that he has himself chosen."

SWALLOWING A YARD OF LAND!—"Dick, let's have a pint of beer," said a railway "navvie" to his mate. "Nay, Jack, I can't afford to drink a square yard of good land, worth £60 10s. an acre." "What's that you're saying, Dick?" "Why, every time you spend threepence in beer, you spend what would buy a *square yard of land*. Look here. [*Dick takes a piece of chalk out of his pocket, and begins to make figures on his spade.*] There are 4,840 square yards in an acre: threepence is one-fourth of a shilling; divide 4,840 yards by 4; that gives 1,210 shillings, Now divide that by 20 (there being 20s. to the £1,) and there you have £60 10s., which is the cost of an acre of good land, at threepence a square yard!"

ERRONEOUS AND PROPER METHODS OF TEACHING DRAWING.

FROM "EDUCATION," BY HERBERT SPENCER.

From all that has been said, it may be readily inferred that we wholly disapprove of the practice of drawing from copies; and still more so of that formal discipline in making straight lines and curved lines and compound lines, with which it is the fashion of some teachers to begin. We regret to find that the Society of Arts has recently, in its series of manuals on "Rudimentary Art Instruction," given its countenance to an elementary drawing-book, which is the most vicious in principle that we have seen. We refer to the "Outline from Outline, or from the Flat," by John Bell, sculptor. As expressed in the prefatory note, this publication proposes "to place before the student a simple, yet logical mode of Instruction;" and to this end sets out with a number of definitions thus:—

"A simple line in drawing is a thin mark drawn from one point to another.

"Lines may be divided, as to their nature in drawing, into two classes:—

"1. *Straight*, which are marks that go the shortest road between two points, as A B.

"2. Or *Curved*, which are marks which do not go the shortest road between two points, as C D."

And so the introduction progresses to horizontal lines, perpendicular lines, oblique lines, angles of the several kinds, and the various figures which lines and angles make up. The work is, in short, a grammar of form, with exercises. And thus the system of commencing with a dry analysis of elements, which, in the teaching of language, has been exploded, is to be re-instituted in the teaching of drawing. The abstract is to be preliminary to the concrete. Scientific conceptions are to precede empirical experiences. That this is an inversion of the normal order, we need scarcely repeat. It has been well said concerning the custom of prefacing the art of speaking any tongue by a drilling in the parts of speech and their functions, that it is about as reasonable as prefacing the art of walking by a course of lessons on the bones, muscles, and nerves of the legs; and much the same thing may be said of the proposal to preface the art of representing objects by a nomenclature and definitions of the lines which they yield on analysis. These technicalities are alike repulsive and needless. They render the study distasteful at the very outset; and all with the view of teaching that, which, in the course of practice, will be learnt unconsciously. Just as the child incidentally gathers the meanings of ordinary words from the conversations going on around it, without the help of dictionaries; so, from the remarks on objects, pictures, and its own drawings, will it presently acquire, not only without effort but even pleasurably, those same scientific terms, which, if presented at first, are a mystery and a weariness.

If any dependence is to be placed upon the general principles of education that have been laid down, the process of learning to draw should be throughout continuous with those efforts of early childhood described above, as so worthy of encouragement. By the time that the voluntary practice thus initiated has given some steadiness of hand, and some tolerable ideas of proportion, there will have arisen a vague notion of body as presenting its three dimensions in perspective. And when, after sundry abortive, Chinese-like attempts to render this appearance on paper, there has grown up a pretty clear perception of the thing to be achieved, and a desire to achieve it, a first lesson in empirical perspective may be given by means of the apparatus occasionally used in explaining perspective as a science. This sounds formidable; but the experiment is both comprehensive and interesting to any boy or girl of ordinary intelligence. A plate of glass so framed as to stand vertically on the table, being placed before the pupil, and a book, or like simple object laid on the other side of it, he is requested, whilst keeping the eye in one position, to make ink dots upon the glass, so that they may coincide with, or hide the corners of this object. He is then told to join these dots by lines; on doing which he perceives that the lines he makes hide, or coincide with, the outlines of the object. And then on being asked to put a sheet of paper on the other side of the glass, he discovers that the lines he has thus drawn represent the object as he saw it. They not only look like it, but he perceives that they must be like it, because he made them agree with its outlines; and by removing the paper he can repeatedly convince himself that they do agree with its outlines. The fact is new and striking; and serves him as an experimental demonstration, that lines of certain lengths, placed in certain directions on a plane, can represent lines of other lengths, and having other directions in space. Subsequently, by gradually changing the position of the object, he may be led to observe how some lines shorten and disappear, whilst others come into sight and lengthen. The convergence of parallel lines, and, indeed, all the leading facts of perspective may, from time to time, be similarly illustrated to him. If he has been duly accustomed to self-help, he will gladly, when it is suggested, make the attempt to draw one of these outlines upon paper, by the eye only; and it may soon be made an exciting aim to produce, unassisted, a representation, as like as he can, to one subsequently sketched on the glass. Thus, without the unintelligent, mechanical practice of copying other drawings, but by a method at once simple and attractive—rational, yet not abstract, a familiarity with the linear appearances of things, and a faculty of rendering them, may be, step by step, acquired. To which advantages add these:—that even thus early the pupil learns, almost unconsciously, the true theory of a picture—namely, that it is a delineation of objects as they appear when projected on a plane placed between them and the eye; and that when he reaches a fit age for commencing scientific perspective, he is already thoroughly acquainted with the facts which form its logical basis.

A COUNTRY PARSON'S LIFE.

You walk in shady lanes; you stand and look at the rugged bark of old trees; you help to prune evergreens; you devise flower-gardens and winding walks. You talk to pigs, and smooth down the legs of horses. You sit on mossy walls, and saunter by the river side, and through woodland paths. You grow familiar with the internal arrangements of poor men's dwellings; you see much of men and women in those solemn seasons when all pretences are laid aside; and they speak with confidence to you of their little cares and fears, for this world and the other. You kneel down and pray by the bed-side of many sick; and you know the look of the dying face well. Young children whom you have humbly sought to instruct in the best of knowledge, have passed away from this life in your presence, telling you in interrupted sentences whither they trusted they were going, and bidding you not forget to meet them there. You feel the touch of the weak fingers still; the parting request is not forgotten. You mark the spring blossoms come back; and you walk among the harvest sheaves in the autumn evening. And when you ride up the parish on your duty, you feel the influence of bare and lonely tracts, where, ten miles from home, you sometimes dismount from your horse, and sit down on a grey stone by the wayside, and look for an hour at the heather at your feet, and at the sweeps of purple moorland far away; you go down to the churchyard frequently; you sit on the gravestone of your predecessor, who died two hundred years since; and you count five, six, seven spots where those who served the cure before you sleep.—*Elryn.*

MAGIC PORCELAIN.

A peculiar kind of porcelain was formerly manufactured in China, which exhibited its color and devices only when filled with water. Though the art of manufacturing this porcelain has been lost, and the mode cannot now be described with accuracy, the following has been conjectured as not very remote from the truth. The first requisite was that the vessel be extremely thin, so that the figures to be formed might be sufficiently clear and perceptible. After the vessel has been baked, the figures, which were mostly fish (as those were most appropriate with the water), were formed on the inside; and after the color had dried, a second extremely thin coat, of the same substance as that of which the vessel was constructed, was laid on the inside and varnished. The fish, or other device, would then, it is evident, be inclosed between the two coats of the ware of which the vessel was made. All that remained to be done was to grind the outside of the vessel as close to the figures as possible, to varnish it again, and bake it a second time; and though, after this operation, the figures and embellishments would not be at all perceptible, yet, so soon as the vessel was filled with water, they would at once be rendered clear and distinct to a degree scarcely credible. Attempts have been made to revive this beautiful art, but hitherto without success.

DUTY.

What recks the soldier on the battle-field
Whether the soil he treads be rich or bare,
The country round him desolate or fair—
Whether bright sunbeams play on lance or shield,
Or rain-clouds gather in the heavy air?
His only thought how best his arms to wield,
To force the hated foe at length to yield,
To stand the charge, or the assault to dare.
And why care I, who have my battle too,
With sin and folly, doubts, temptations, fears,
Whether the post assigned be fair to view,
Which must be conflict trampled, scorched with tears—
Enough if, struggling, I o'ercome at last!
Scars turned to trophies, and their pain long past!

L. C.

GALLOWS ANECDOTES.—Old Montaigne tells:—"A man who was led to the gibbet observed that they must avoid passing through a certain street, as there was danger that a merchant who lived there would collar him on account of an old debt. Another said to the executioner he must not touch his neck, for fear of making him burst with laughter, he was so ticklish. Every one has heard the tale of the Picard, to whom, while he was standing on the ladder, a damsel of ill-repute was presented, and who, learning that if he would marry her his life would be spared (as our law permits sometimes), looked at her for a while, and perceiving that she halted, cried out, 'Tie up, tie up; she limps.' And they tell also of a condemned criminal in Denmark, who, standing on the scaffold to be beheaded, was offered a wife on a similar condition, but refused, because the girl had hollow cheeks, and too pointed a nose. A valet at Toulouse being accused of heresy, gave no other reason for his creed than a reference to that of his master, a young student in the same prison; and would rather die than allow himself to be persuaded that his master could think wrong."

DRINKING PORTER OUT OF PEWTER.—If porter be drunk out of a pewter pot, it will produce a more brisk sensation than when it is taken out of a glass vessel, which is ascribed to a galvanic effect. In this instance, there is a combination of one metal and two dissimilar fluids, which combination constitutes a galvanic circle. In the act of drinking, one side of the pewter pot is exposed to the action of the saliva, which moistens the lip, while the other metallic side is in contact with the porter; the circuit being thus completed, an agreeable relish is communicated to the beverage when it comes in contact with the tongue.

ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS.

Many an ignorant traveller has deceived himself, and deceived others, by one of those beautiful crystallographic forms, termed "rock crystal," and sometimes, "Cornish diamonds." Real diamonds and Cornish diamonds are both usually colorless, both usually transparent. Both are sufficiently hard to scratch glass. There is found a strong general similarity between them. Chemically speaking, they are as different from each other in nature as can well be imagined. Cornish diamonds are composed of crystallized silica, or the matter of flint; whereas, real diamonds are composed of crystallized carbon, or the matter of charcoal. But it is the crystallographic difference between them, to which I have particularly to advert. Cornish diamonds crystallize in six-sided figures; whereas real diamonds are eight-sided. This law, like other natural laws, is never departed from. A wayfarer, meeting with a transparent, colorless gem—doubtful whether it be a diamond or a piece of rock crystal—may immediately solve that doubt by observing the crystalline form of it. Every body, susceptible of crystalization in any degree, assumes a definite form of crystal, or rather a definite system of form. The form, or system of form, cannot be altered. The law is recorded, and the philosopher cannot change it; but he is aware of the conditions by which effect can be given to the crystalline law, and by taking advantage of this knowledge, operators in late years, have succeeded in making gems artificially.

Attempts have been long and assiduously made, with the object of producing diamonds artificially. Diamonds, being the most valuable of gems, naturally enough chemists first turned their attention to them; other reasons, too, might have influenced this priority. Only one material enters into the composition of the diamond; whereas, more than one material—usually several—enters into the composition of other gems. The only point to be achieved, in order to command success, was crystallization of the material. Natural circumstances seemed favorable to this condition also. Carbon, the material of the diamond, exists in numerous liquid compounds. Oils have abundance of carbon in their composition, so have spirit of wine, ether, spirit of turpentine, and others almost innumerable. Altogether, however, the carbonaceous liquid, which seemed to promise the greatest hope of success, was the material known to chemists as sulphide of carbon, made up, as its name indicates, of sulphur united with carbon.

Many attempts to remove the sulphur, and crystallize out the carbon have, from time to time, been made, and this in various ways. Whether successfully, does not seem well established. All the reputed successes appear to me somewhat apocryphal; but the crystallization of carbon out of sulphide of carbon is a result one may be prepared for any day.

Chemists speculated long, and long in vain, as to the natural production of diamonds. Many circumstances tend to show that diamonds were liquid once. What, then, could the menstruum have been that held them in liquidity? A Breslau chemist at length offers a plausible hypothesis. He believes the solvent to have been liquified carbonic acid gas. Analogically regarded, liquified carbonic acid gas *ought* to dissolve carbon. Whether it can or not, chemists or mechanicians will soon determine; at the expense, I fear, of many broken heads, and the loss of some valuable lives; for carbonic acid can only be liquified under enormous pressure, so that this class of experiment is attended with extreme danger. But what ground is there, it may be asked, for the assumption that liquid carbonic acid can exist in nature? Why this ground. Not only diamonds, but other minerals do occasionally hold minute globules of a liquid imbedded within them. This liquid has many of the known properties of carbonic acid liquified. It is very highly refractive, and very expansive. Slight heat being applied, the mineral which holds this unknown fluid bursts with a sharp report. Sir David Brewster mentions the curious case of a gentleman who, having incautiously put a crystal of this sort to his tongue, the heat acquired sufficed to expand the unknown liquid beyond the power of the crystal to endure; bursting, the latter wounded the experimentalist severely in the mouth.

M. Brongniart, late director of the Sevres Porcelain Works, was particularly fortunate in the line of artificial gem manufacture. The principle which guided him in his operations was this. First, he remembered that the substance borax possesses the quality of aiding many bodies to fuse; secondly, he proved that borax is endowed with slight volatility, so that by exposing a fused mixture of borax and other material to the prolonged heat of a porcelain furnace, the borax would be slowly but entirely dissipated. Proceeding in this way he made several gems.

More lately, Monsieur St. Claire Deville—the gentleman whose name has become so celebrated in connection with the metal aluminum—has turned his attention to the artificial gem manufacture. Following a course different from that of M. Brongniart, he has nevertheless availed himself of the same general principle.

Chemists have in this manner not only followed in the very steps of nature, and produced, by the application of their art, counterparts of gems which nature gives us, but—in certain respects, and in a certain sense—chemists may be said to have gone beyond nature; presenting us with certain beautiful crystals, which have every right to be denominated gems, but which are not known to be produced naturally. The common substance, boracic acid, contains a material, boron, long known to chemists under the form of an unattractive brown powder. This is the common form of boron, just as charcoal is the common form of carbon. Now Monsieur St. Claire Deville has proved that just as we have three forms of carbon, namely, charcoal, plumbago, and diamond, or crystallized carbon; so also have we three corresponding forms of boron. He has proved that the crystalline form of boron vies with diamond in two of the leading properties of the beautiful gem—brilliancy and hardness. He entertains little doubt that crystallized boron will take its place among the gems recognized by the lapidary, and already has the important point been demonstrated that boron powder may be employed instead of diamond powder for cutting and polishing the diamond.

LEGEND OF HOWTH CASTLE.

There is a long-forgotten legend in connection with Howth Castle, the seat of the Earl of Howth, about eleven miles from Dublin.—Some three centuries ago, there was a celebrated Irish female pirate, called Grace O'Malley, who was obliged to put into Howth Harbor through stress of weather. She sought the hospitality of the progenitor (St. Lawrence) of the present Earl; but, for some reason or other, was refused—a very unusual circumstance in Ireland, particularly where a lady was in the case. She vowed vengeance on the proprietor; and, soon after, found means to steal away the heir to the house of Howth, whom she secured, but treated him handsomely. After some time and a great deal of negotiation, she consented to return the youth on the following conditions:—That the outer door of the castle was never to be closed to strangers, and that in all future time every stranger who presented himself at the house must receive a dinner of the best, with plenty of ale, and, when departing, be presented with a shilling. I had often heard this story; and I remember two gentlemen (since dead) putting it to the test. They proceeded to the castle and asked for their dinner, mentioning the circumstances above stated. They were shown into a neatly-furnished apartment, and had an excellent dinner served up to them, with plenty of ale, and a bottle of port wine. A servant in rich livery attended on them; and at their departure they were offered a shilling each, which, of course, they declined to accept, and gave the coin to the servant. Thus the legend was fulfilled in this instance. I have no doubt of the veracity of the parties alluded to; and I can add that I have passed the door of Howth Castle hundreds of times, but never saw it closed.—*Notes and Queries.*

KEEPING THE KING TO HIS WORD.

The favorite of a certain Eastern king rebelled, and headed a conspiracy to dethrone his master. The conspiracy was put down, and the traitor taken alive, and condemned to be shot to death by arrows, in the court-yard of the royal palace, in the presence of the king. The hour came, the archers were drawn up, and the prisoner was led out to die. After kneeling down to meet his doom, he asked for a drink of water. A goblet was placed in his hand, but he hesitated and looked distrustfully from the levelled arrows of the archers to the face of his royal master. "Fear not, oh, Hamet!" said the king. "Thou shalt not die until thou hast drank that water." Whereupon the face of the culprit lighted up with joy; flinging down the goblet, he cast himself at his royal master's feet, exclaiming, while the sands absorbed the spilled water, "In virtue of thy royal word, oh, king, I claim my life! Lo, I cannot die until I have drank that water which the sands have swallowed; but shall live many years to wipe out my treason in faithful services to my sovereign!" And the good king raised and embraced his repentant minister, and restored him to life and favor, which he ever more sought zealously to merit.

DR. JOHNSON ON MARRIAGE.—Johnson's first love was the sister of his friend Hector. This passion, he told Boswell, dropped imperceptibly out of his head, and the lady subsequently married Mr. Careless, a clergyman. More than thirty years after Johnson's attachment for her had ceased, he passed an evening with her at Birmingham, and seemed to have his affections revived. She was then a widow. Upon his remarking that it might have been as happy for him if he had taken her to wife, Boswell inquired whether he did not suppose that there were fifty women who would please a man just as well as any one woman in particular. "Ay, sir," replied Johnson, "fifty thousand. I believe marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were made by the Lord Chancellor, upon a due consideration of the characters and circumstances, without the parties having any choice in the matter."

A BEAUTIFUL EASTERN BELIEF.—Two angels keep watch upon each mortal—an angel on the right, and an angel on the left—taking note of every word and action. At the close of each day they fly up to heaven with a written report, and are replaced by two similar ones on the following day. According to Eastern tradition, every good action is recorded ten times by the angel on the right; and if the mortal commit a sin, the same benevolent spirit says to the angel on the left—"Forbear for seven hours to record it; peradventure he may repent and pray, and obtain forgiveness."—*Mahomet and his Followers.*

TEA-DRINKING.—The effect of the use of tea has been much discussed. Professor Johnstone, a good authority, has asserted that it prevents the waste of the body, and nourishes it. Dr. Smith, recently, in a lecture before the Society of Arts, maintained that tea was only good in helping our digestion of fat or farinaceous food, and thus far was nourishing; but if the tissues are wasted by exertions or too profuse perspiration, tea is injurious. It does not suit a spare habit, or much exertion, or low temperatures, or a defective skin.

☞ The first literary Magazine ever published in the colonies, was the "General Magazine and Historical Chronicle, by Benjamin Franklin, in 1741. It lived but six months.

☞ Moving for a new trial: courting a second wife.

THE FAIR TAMBOURINIST.

With feet half shoeless and bare,
And dress half tattered and torn;
With a penny here and a mockery there,
And floods of derision and scorn,
She wanders the street wherever her feet,
Weary or willing, are borne;
With an eye as bright and cheek as fair
As the earliest blush of the morn.

Wandering up and down
And driven from door to door,
A jest for every idle clown,
And a butt for every boor;
While the velvet-slippered, in satin and lace,
Go rustling by her side,
With a frozen heart and curtained face,
And a lip curled into pride!

So beautiful, yet so frail,
So willing, yet so weak,
Oh, what if the heart should fail,
And a heavenly purpose break,
And the dens and kennels of vice
Another poor victim hold,
A celestial spark be quenched in the dark,
And an angel be bartered for gold!

No wonder the heart should fail,
And a heavenly purpose fade,
The eye grow dim and the cheek grow pale,
When none stand ready to aid!
No wonder the lairs and cradles of sin
So many poor victims should hold,
While the good are content to worship their God,
And the rich to worship their gold.

Move patiently on, oh, earth!
Till Mercy's wandering dove
Shall fly to the rosy realm of its birth,
And rest in the bosom of love:
Move patiently on till The Crucified
Shall gather his radiant crown
From the lowly flowers and bleeding hearts
That the world has trampled down!

THE RULING PASSION.

OR, STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

BY EDWINA BURBURY,
AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

"The stricken is silent—
She stands by him now,
And her pulse beats no quicker,
Nor crimsons her brow!
The small hand that trembled
When last in his own,
Lies patient and folded,
And colder than stone.
Of *her* love the angels
In heaven might tell,
While *his* would be whispered
With shudders in hell!"

—*Whittle.*

"Oh, Conspiracy!
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To hide thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy!
Hide it in smiles and affability;
For if thou put thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from detection!"—*Shakspeare.*

"Lovely!"

"Superb!"

"Magnificent!"

"And what a curtsey! By the shade of Vestris, it restores the days of the Regency!"

"Heaven, in its great goodness, forbid!—But draw back a minute; here she comes!"

And accordingly the speaker, standing beside the doorway of the throne-room, at St. James's, retreated a pace or two as the crowd of ladies swept by.

Not so, however, did his companion; for with the confidence born of greater age and position, he maintained his place, gazing critically into each fair face as it passed—greeting those whom he knew with a bow or a compliment, and examining the others with the eye of one long used to judge of beauty.

But of all the bright maidens upon whom his glances fell, there was only one on whom they rested for more than a second; and that was a young, slender girl, whose unusually graceful reverence to her sovereign had just attracted his attention, and whose classical features and faultless costume satisfied, nay, captivated, his fastidious taste.

For an instant this young girl lifted her eyes, soft and thrilling as Eastern moonlight, and meeting the ardent gaze fixed upon her, a faint color rushed up over her countenance, and sliding her arm within that of her *chaperone*, she passed quickly on.

The gentleman made a movement as if to follow her; then, as if thinking better of it, he turned to his companion, and said, hastily—

"Who is she?"

"I have not the faintest idea; but it will not be difficult to learn. You saw who presented her?"

"Not I—I never looked at the woman."

"And yet she was an old friend of yours—and looking her best, too!"

"Possibly; but her name?"

"You can't be asking in earnest?"

"Why on earth not? What should I assume ignorance for? Who was she?"

"Mrs. Russell Stanhope."

"Phew—you don't say so! But, yes, now I come to think of it, you must be right. I thought I had seen that long nose before."

Lord Halcombe smiled.

"Well, I should think so, too. Report used to whisper that you were not always so indifferent to its Roman majesty."

"Report is a liar!"

"I dare say. I'm sure I am by no means eager to take up her cudgels. Still, if you *should* happen to know the lady a little, it might be convenient just now."

"Know her? Of course I do. Who doesn't? Russell Stanhope's wife, like all the rest of his belongings, is sure to be pretty well known."

"Just so. But as I have not met you there this half-dozen ages, I fancied that perhaps—"

"Oblige me by fancying nothing, my good fellow; there's not a more unsatisfactory occupation on earth. I have not been much to the Stanhopes', because I have had other things to do. Now that I am at leisure, I shall atone for my neglect. She receives on Wednesdays, does she not?"

"Yes."

"I shall meet you there, then. Now, come, the rooms are thinning. You are not in waiting?"

"No."

"Very well; there is nothing to stay for, then. Let us go."

"Where?"

"Nowhere particular; only the presentations are over, and I want a word with the Chamberlain. He'll be in his office directly."

"If he is not, one of the subs. can show you the cards."

"Nonsense!"

Yet the elderly gentleman smiled as he edged his way with the ease of a practised courtier through the noble crowd, scattering nods, bows, and recognitions round; and Halcombe, shrugging his shoulders, with anything but a respectful curl on his lips, followed.

As his lordship had foreseen, the information his Grace of Carlisle sought the Chamberlain's office to procure, was readily given; and there they learned that Mrs. Stanhope, wife of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, had that day presented her daughter Adela and her niece, Miss Lyle.

This ascertained, the gentlemen sauntered down St. James's Street, the younger turning into his club, saying, as he stood on the steps and shook hands with his companion,

"I shall see you on Wednesday?"

"Wednesday?" with a start, which, natural as it seemed, did not deceive Lord Halcombe. "Oh, yes: I had forgotten. We are to make the beauty's acquaintance. Yes, I shall be there."

"No doubt," muttered Halcombe, as he went up the steps—"no doubt."

Wednesday came; and in the splendid rooms of the minister's wife a large and brilliant party were assembled. All those celebrated for their birth, their beauty, or their talents—all of whom *the world talked*—flocked as if by common consent to the receptions of the proudest woman in England.

Men, whose breath could make nations tremble—women, whose loveliness would have inspired a hermit with rapture—poets, authors, and painters, whose works would leave their impress on the age—all gathered round the favorite of fortune and of fashion.

For, by some means, I cannot tell what, Ada Stanhope had achieved this greatness.

Long past her first youth and prime of beauty, neither highly talented nor highly born, she had yet attained to the pinnacle of most women's ambition—she was the *Fashion.*

To ride with her, to be seen in her box at the opera, to obtain a card for her nights, or a nod from her in the Park, was the end and aim of many a petty intrigue and desperate piece of manœuvring; and, quite as well aware of this as the simpletons themselves, the fair tyrant gloried in her despotism.

For years she had craved for, and coveted the position she now held; and as, upon this night, she looked round on the crowd of wealth, rank, beauty, and talent gathered together to do her homage, a smile of gratified pride wreathed her lip; and statelier, yet more charming than ever, she moved among her guests.

This, too, was a particularly successful *soiree*. Mr. Stanhope had made a brilliant speech in his place the night before, and all the world rushed to his wife's rooms to tell her so.

She was busily engaged therefore, in receiving congratulations, when a whisper floated towards her, bearing on its wings the names of "the Duke of Carlisle and Lord Halcombe."

A close observer might have seen Mrs. Stanhope's lips pale a little when the first name met her ear; yet she kept her place bravely, and bowed smilingly as her visitors approached, and paid their greetings.

During a short space his Grace of Carlisle stood beside his hostess, watching her curiously; then, when she moved on, he followed, and presently contrived to lead her into a small boudoir beyond the drawing-rooms, when closing the door carefully, he said, abandoning entirely the air of respect he had previously assumed,

"You are looking uncommonly well, Ada. This kind of thing suits you, it seems. I am glad I see you so happy."

"Thank you, my lord."

"What for? What the fiend do you thank me for?"

"Your good wishes."

"Nay, I wish nothing, except perhaps that I had not been fool enough to do as I did, ten years ago; but it's not too late to repent even now!"

And he advanced a step, but Ada drew back, exclaiming, indignantly,

"Do you mean to insult me, sir? My husband—"

"Had! ha! ha! What of him? Do you want him! Here—come here, Stanhope,"—and he went towards the door. "Your wife wants you; she has something to tell you!"

"No! no! no! for heaven's sake! What is the meaning of all this? You promised—"

"What? What did I promise?" he cried, again interrupting her. "What could I promise—a poor insignificant fellow like me—to the wife of the popular minister, the Queen of London?"

She shuddered at the title which half an hour since had been her glory, and said, deprecatingly,

"That those letters—those terrible letters, should be destroyed in my presence; and until they are, I cannot rest night or day. You promised to give them to me."

"Did I? Well, and suppose now I tell you they are out of my reach!"

"Oh, no, no! Impossible!"—and all but rouge, on the lady's cheek became deathly white.

Carlisle laughed.

He was not a young man; he wore false teeth, and when he laughed heartily and carelessly, as he did now, they grinned horribly.

Mrs. Stanhope involuntarily receded.

The Duke saw and understood the cause, and seizing her delicate and jeweled wrist savagely, drew her towards him, until she could feel his hot, pestilent breath upon her cheek, and then hissed out,

"Oh, you don't like me now so well as you did, eh? But I'd advise you not to show it; for spite of all your dainty airs, you are mine, woman—mine, body and soul!"

"No, no! I am not! Loose my hand—release me! This is cowardly, infamous! I will not suffer it! I defy you!"

He looked on her much as a hawk would on a daring wren, and said, with a cold sneer,

"Oh, you defy me, do you? I suppose, then, I may give the letters to your husband, and tell him—what shall I tell him?"

"The *truth!* Ah, heaven! Would that I had done so at first; I should have been free now!"

"Probably; although the freedom might not have been so pleasant, consisting, as it would have done, of an airy garret in some remote corner or other of this great city, and the unsatisfactory reputation of a divorce!"

"Better that—better anything than this; but it is not too late; even now I will tell him."

"The best thing you can do, although its success is somewhat doubtful, is it not? Stanhope's not the tenderest, most credulous fellow on earth, is he?"

The sneer was inexpressibly bitter, for Russell Stanhope prided himself upon his inflexible justice—his Spartan abnegation of all weakness—and Carlisle knew it; so did his wretched wife, whose figure seemed absolutely to collapse, as she said,

"You mock me cruelly. Still truth is all-powerful, and he must believe me!"

"He might have done so ten years ago, when those letters were written, and you were younger and lovelier. Now—" and he shrugged his shoulders,—"though you're a charming woman still, the fascinations which bewitched me, and might have bewildered him, have faded a little, and nothing will interpose between him and his beloved justice. Ah, Ada, what a pity it is that we should grow old!"

"No, for every day brings death nearer!"

"Aye, and the worms! Pah! that's a nasty idea!" He was silent for a moment, then resumed, "Come, what shall I do with the letters? You had better think well, for, although I would do a great deal to serve a friend, you cannot expect me to corroborate any wild tale you may tell!"

"No; but you will speak the truth?"

"Certainly; *if I speak at all;* but what is to prevent me from leaving the letters to tell their own story?"

"And so destroy me! Oh, Carlisle, you cannot mean it—you cannot be so cruel! You will not—dare not deny me justice, or refuse to assure my husband, that although I was mad, wicked, false in thought, I was innocent in deed; that I was tempted, lied to—made by forged letters, vile tongues, to believe him faithless; and that even then, although my heart was wrung and well-nigh broken, and clung like a shipwrecked thing to him,—yourself—yourself, my lord,—who alone seemed loyal, when all the world was false,—that even *then* I preserved the innocence dearer to me than my life, and so far, at least, never failed in a wife's duty."

"My dear girl, you talk nonsense. If I were to do this, and so establish what you are pleased to call your innocence, what harm would the letters do you?—for what purpose should I have shown them? None. I should be pulling down with one hand the fabric I was building up with the other. Bah! Ada, my love, your usual cleverness has deserted you. *If you compel me to place those letters in your husband's hands, I must not weaken their evidence by one single word. I must, and I shall be silent!*"

"And you are a human being? Once I even thought you more than that—an honest man! Oh, heaven, forgive and pity me!"

And in a weary tone of utter, hopeless misery, she sank upon a seat, and let her head fall upon her hands.

A momentary ray of pity touched the Duke's heart; bad as he was, he did not quite like the part he was playing. But he could not afford to show it; he wanted his victim's help in a project against which he knew that she would vehemently rebel, and therefore it was necessary to subdue, and show her how thoroughly she was in his power.

With this view, therefore, he continued after a while: "Come, Ada, don't be sentimental. It's a bad business; but you must make the best of it. I don't want to injure you if I can help it; and if you drive me to extremities, and your husband persists in disbelieving your story, and casts you out, come to me. I have not so entirely forgotten old days as to refuse you a refuge; and after a while you can retire to the Continent."

With ashy, parted lips, through which the laboring breath came heavily, Ada listened to this infamous speech—the more base, the more infamous, because at no time, even in the hour of her wildest infatuation, would she have done as he proposed, or he have dared to suggest it; but now the mad recklessness of the past had placed her in his power, and, coward-like, he used the knowledge to crush and to insult her.

Poor miserable creature! the sinful weakness which should have made her sacred in his eyes, only served as a keener weapon in his hands who now sat there before her. And feeling this to her very heart, she said painfully,

"I dare not resent your insults, and therefore you heap them upon me; but you may go too far, and the burden of misery you lay on me may defeat your purpose by killing with its weight. I do not say this rashly, to alarm or threaten you—I leave such expedients to you—but simply as a fact. I am ill, and I have a pain here,"—and she pressed her icy hand upon her heart,—"which I have been warned not to excite. If, therefore, you have anything more to say, speak quickly."

"That's right. Now you talk like a sensible woman. I am glad to see that my opinion of you was not altogether wrong. Sit down again, and let us discuss this matter quietly."

"Impossible. Tell me at once what you require, and what you want me to do."

"Have patience: I hate to talk business unless at my ease. Come here, then, beside me."

Mrs. Stanhope grew sick at heart—the room swam round with her—the buzz of a million voices sounded in her ears; she knew she was going to faint, and dashing her hand suddenly into a globe of fish, that stood on a marble slab beside her, she drew it out full of water, and flung it bravely in her face.

As she had foreseen, the shock restored her failing powers; and before his grace had quite recovered his amazement at this unlooked-for energy, she said almost calmly,

"I regret to seem uncourteous in my own house, but I must decline your request. All you have to say can be said to me standing; or if it cannot, must be left unsaid. Once more, then, I ask, what do you want with me?"

He looked at her with wonder—almost with respect; and for once surprised into a plain avowal of the simple truth, said hastily,

"An introduction to your niece, Miss Lyle, and the promise of your best offices with her."

"I decline to give either."

"What! you refuse me?"

"Yes—a thousand, million times! Do you think that, low as I may have fallen, I have lost all feeling—all honor—all natural affection—that I will give into your hands the child of the only creature who ever really loved me? No—rather would I die!"

"Very likely; because, to most people's thinking, that would be an end of all trouble. But would you rather *live*—live to see the finger of scorn pointed at you; to hear men and women—*your rivals*—say, 'That is the woman who would have eloped with the Duke of Carlisle, but that he tired of her too soon!'"

At these most false and unmanly words, the blood rushed back in a tide to Mrs. Stanhope's face, her eyes flashed, and her lips parted to speak; but again the knowledge that she was in this man's power restrained the fiery denial she could not prove; and so she answered calmly,

"Yes, if it must be, I could even bear that. For although scorned and despised, I should know myself innocent of the sin for which I was judged; and only that, coward like, one always seeks to put off the evil day of suffering to the last, I believe I could bear the worst better than this. But to betray my niece—destroy the helpless, loving girl who trusts me—better were it that a mill-stone were tied round my neck, and I was cast into the sea."

"Why, what, in the name of common sense—"

Ada turned away, a look of intense disgust upon her face.

Her guest saw it, and stamped his foot angrily, saying,

"By my soul, Ada, I think you are mad! What harm do you imagine will come to your niece from me? I saw her at the drawing-room, and mean to marry her."

"Never!"

"Don't say so, for you'll only have to unsay it, and make yourself ridiculous. Just listen to me, and try to be rational, if you can. It is the wildest and most hopeless thing in the world, striving to thwart me, for you cannot do it; and even if you could, you would suffer most. Now don't speak; I know all you are going to say. Hear me first, and then answer if you can."

"Go on."

"Very well. Then remember that what I have just asked from you, I can ask and have from every woman in London at whose house I meet your niece; therefore, unless you intend to shut her up, your refusing to introduce me will not prevent my knowing her."

"I am perfectly aware of it, as well as that I can neutralize any harm your friends may do her by false penagyrics, by telling her myself the real character of the man they praise."

"To be sure! And I, not to be ungrateful, shall inform her, in return, of the true merits of the lady she has the honor to call aunt."

"Monster!"

"Don't put yourself in a passion, and call names—it is time and energy thrown away. You may enrage, but you will not move me. What I have said, I mean, and what I have resolved to do, I will do. It rests with you, then, whether I shall have to work with, or against you—whether, by your aid, I woo and wed Miss Lyle quietly and smoothly, or whether I *compel* her to be my wife, to save your reputation from a world's scorn and your husband's curse. *Her* contempt, for whom you are Quixotically inclined to sacrifice yourself, you will, in that case, be sure of. On the one hand, you may have present peace, and future prosperity, your niece's respect, and my friendship; on the other, profitless shame. Two paths are open—choose which you will follow."

For many minutes, Ada was silent. The enormity of her peril, the utter baseness of the man who threatened it, and the hideous cruelty of the plan he had devised to compel her acquiescence in his will, each and all crushed her; and fain would she at that moment have buried her misery in the grave; but alas! that was impossible—she must live, and act.

Deeply, then, her face hidden in her hands, she thought and pondered.

She—a clever, quick-sighted woman of the world—knew well how little her evidence in her own self-defence, would weigh against the silence of the Duke—the damning proofs of her own letters. She felt the finger of scorn levelled at her—the contemptuous looks of those who formed the gay world of which she now reigned queen—and, more than all, the contempt of that beloved child, who would, she feared, buy her aunt's safety even at the cost of her own misery; and she shuddered.

The picture was horrible; and if she realized it—dared the consequences threatened by Carlisle, whom should she save—who would be the better for it?

No one.

For he would have Beatrice; and it was simply a choice of whether it should be as he had said, quietly, or by compulsion.

She might not love him, even if he wooed and wedded her in the ordinary way; but she would hate him, if forced to marry him to save her aunt.

"The woman who hesitates is lost."

So it was now with Ada Stanhope.

She thought and thought, until she grew faint and bewildered; reasoned when she should have acted; and at last, temporizing with her conscience, and the instinct that told her she was wrong, she said, lifting her head and gazing upon her tyrant,

"I consent to introduce you to my niece, and to place no obstacles in the way of your making each other's acquaintance—if you, on your side will pledge yourself to employ no means to secure your wishes that are not strictly honorable, and will return me the letters."

"Very well. I agree to the terms; how shall I ratify them? What shall I say or swear?"

"I require no oath."

"You'll be content with my word? You are a wise woman. He who won't keep the one, won't the other. So, come, now that the atmosphere is cleared again, let us be friends; and as I can't make you a duchess yourself, I will do my best to make you aunt to one."

"And the letters?"

"Ah! the letters. Confound it, I had forgotten them!"

"Had you? I had not. I must have them."

"Must you? That's unlucky, for—"

"What—what?"

"I haven't got them."

"Merciful heaven! What do you mean?"

"What I say. Gently, gently, Ada; you are getting excited again. You really should exercise greater self-control."

"But the letters, the letters—where are they?"

"Safe at my lawyer's."

"I do not believe it!—you are deceiving me!"

"On my honor!"

"Your what?" and her lip curled fiercely. "Pshaw! give me some better, sounder pledge than that—the hollowest, unsoundest thing, where everything is hollow—or all is at an end between us. Keep your terms, and I will keep mine; or fail in the very least, and before another day has passed, my niece shall know, at all hazards, the character of the man who seeks her—"

"Ha, ha, ha! What! are we going to have this bravado over again?"

—"And I will tell my husband all, and trust to him and heaven for justice. You need not smile, Duke, or look incredulous, for what I say now are my last words on the subject, and I will keep them to the *very letter*, so help me heaven!"

The language of this speech was fearless, so was the manner—not a vestige of tremor or alarm was left. The worm had turned at last—the stag was at bay.

It was now the Duke's turn to think—to consider how he should meet and deal with this defiance, this over-tried heart, which he had so dangerously aroused.

Accustomed to emergencies, it took his Grace but a short time to decide, and then he said,

"I have no intention of breaking the terms. On the day when your niece becomes my wife, the letters shall be placed in your own hands."

"And why not now?"

"Because while I hold them you will be in my power, and therefore it will be your interest to work with me, and hasten the match."

"That I will not do. I will introduce you and be silent; that is all I promised—all I will perform."

"Very well—as you like; only the longer the matter is delayed, the longer you will be in jeopardy—that's all."

"I cannot help it. I will do no more," said Mrs. Stanhope, determinedly.

"So be it. I am content. Are you?"

"No; but as I said, *I am silent!*"

Carlisle smiled.

He knew Ada Stanhope better than she knew herself, and that dearly as she might love her niece, she loved her own fame better, and would leave no stone unturned to preserve it. Bringing the conference then to an end, he resumed his usual courtly bearing, and rising, and bowing low, he offered her his arm, to lead her from the boudoir.

Lord Halcombe was in the first room they entered, and going up to him, Carlisle said, "Where have you been hiding yourself? I have just had the greatest treat. Mrs. Stanhope has had the goodness to show me the most exquisite set of cameos I ever beheld. They exceed mine, which I could not believe possible until I saw them."

"Indeed, they must be a treasure! Although I confess to the bad taste of preferring the lovely living faces which adorn your rooms to-night, Mrs. Stanhope, to the fairest semblances artists ever cut, or drew."

"And I agree with you. Carved faces are very beautiful, but I would rather see such a one as Lady Emmeline Granthey's, full of life, goodness, and intellect. Do you know her? No? Then come with me, and I will earn your everlasting gratitude."

And removing her hand from the Duke's arm, Mrs. Stanhope placed it through that of his friend.

Carlisle laughed at the manœuvre, and followed obediently in the rear; and as his hostess passed among her guests, smiling on one, complimenting another, charming all, he said to himself again and again, with wonder, "Who would believe that one word from me would lay that woman grovelling in the dust at these people's feet, and that she knows it? Ah, well! I have much to learn still, I see; for sixty years in the world have not yet taught me to read one woman's heart."

As if she knew what was passing in his mind, Mrs. Stanhope released her cavalier, after having promenaded through the entire suit of rooms leaning on his arm; and turning to his Grace of Carlisle, said in a low voice,

"I am well received, you see."

"I do see, and acknowledge that it would be most ungallant to disturb such felicity."

"Could it be done?"

"As easily as that feather"—and he glanced to the snowy plumes of a lady who was passing—"is moved by the wind. Place no reliance on your popularity, Ada. The crowd which hails you with plaudits to-day, would trample you under foot to-morrow. A word, a look, an inuendo will turn your friends to foes; and if but one whisper rises and makes way against you, you are lost."

The words struck like a knell upon her heart, for they were true, and she knew it.

For some minutes they walked on in silence, until at length the Duke checked his companion suddenly.

They had reached the conservatory, which was now deserted; and Mrs. Stanhope, following the direction of her guest's eye, looked through the glass door.

At the upper end of the apartment, one of the largest and most perfectly arranged in Belgravia, was a huge mass of rock, towering to the roof, and running the whole width of the building. It was clothed with exquisite ferns; and over it, from some hidden source (the suppositious mountains behind, probably,) rushed a clear and beautiful stream, which fell with a pleasant roar and dash into a mimic lake, the shallow depths of which were concealed by the cloud of spray which somehow or other the water cleverly contrived to throw up.

Beside this rock stood Beatrice Lyle, dressed in a robe of pure white crape, her dark hair bound round her classically-shaped head in heavy braids, fastened by diamond and ruby-headed arrows, while in her bosom nestled one gorgeous crimson flower, lighting up and giving life to the whole.

The few weeks that had elapsed since we first saw the young orphan, had wrought wonders with her appearance.

Even at Shirley, the sombre, not very artistically made garments assumed at the time of her deep sorrow, had been laid aside in favor of a more elegant, and, to Beatrice, a more becoming costume, which, while it concealed the angularity of her young figure as much as possible, displayed its beauties to greater advantage.

Since her arrival in town, even this had been improved. Mrs. Stanhope was the best dresser in London, and into the hands of her people the heiress had been unreservedly placed, with the simple words—(which, coming from the only leader of fashion whose bills were never in arrear, had the weight of a royal command,) "Study my niece's face and figure thoroughly, and let me see the result. If it pleases me, she will not go elsewhere."

As may be supposed, the effect of such intimations was to excite the taste and talent of the various artistes to the highest pitch; and the "result" of their labors had been seen at the drawing-room, when, to her own infinite amazement, Beatrice achieved the reputation of being the belle of the season.

To-night she looked even better than usual. The warmth of the rooms had imparted a soft glow to her cheek, deepened the color on her lip, and softened the radiance of her eyes; and Carlisle, an enthusiast in beauty, murmured a phrase of admiration as he looked upon her.

"Yes," sighed Ada, "she is very lovely, and as good as lovely."

"I believe it. If she is not, virtue has abandoned the earth, and I forswear Lavater for ever. Come, introduce me at once; this is a glorious opportunity."

They went forward, and Beatrice hearing footsteps, turned round with a smile, saying, as she advanced to her aunt,

"I have been enjoying such a delicious half-hour here, listening to the water, and fancying myself miles, miles away in the Highlands."

"Not wishing yourself there, I hope, love?"

"Oh, no, no."

"I am glad to hear it. It would not have been very complimentary to us. But here is an old friend of mine, Beatrice, who wishes to be made known to you—the Duke of Carlisle."

As she bowed in acknowledgment, the young girl looked up into the face of this new presentation; but there was nothing in the bland and highly-polished demeanor of the peer to excite either curiosity or pleasure; and too well bred to fall into the errors of manner common to persons unaccustomed to mingle with men of high station, Beatrice received and replied to the Duke's compliments with perfect composure.

It would be difficult to say whether this ease and self-possession pleased or offended Carlisle most.

A little more embarrassment and girlish tremor would have gratified his pride and vanity more—indicating, as he would have believed them to do, that the heiress was not insensible to the fascinations, which, in past days, had won him so unenviable a notoriety, and which he liked to fancy years had not weakened; while the calm, good breeding of her manner, as much at ease with a duke as she could be with a drawing-master, satisfied his taste, and convinced him that the glories of his strawberry leaves would lose nothing of their haughty radiance while resting upon the fair brow before him.

So, ignoring as well as he could, for the time, the unflattering composure which mortified his self love, his Grace of Carlisle walked beside Mrs. Stanhope and her niece among the flowers and shrubs, carefully selecting such topics of conversation as would most interest the latter, and be the most likely to throw her off her guard, as well as afford him the best insight into her character.

With this aim he discussed the politics of the day with his hostess, enunciating such liberal and generous opinions as made Beatrice's eyes brighten and flash with pleasure; talked of the country and his tenantry to *her*, in such a kindly, warm-hearted strain as made hers bound; and could he but have been contented to "let well alone," would have created so favorable an impression in her mind as would not have been easily disturbed; but, alas for himself! the Duke was but human, and therefore liable to err.

He did so now, and—for a time, at least—fatally.

Charmed with Beatrice's evident pleasure, he abandoned the subjects which had excited it, and dashed off into those with which, just then, she had no sympathy, talking nonsense like a boy, and paying her the most flowery compliments.

With six girls out of every eight this might have succeeded, for flattery is a dangerous aliment, especially when administered by a popular Duke; and even with Beatrice herself, it might at another time have won its way, since my little heroine was no whit wiser than the rest of her sex. But now, with a heart yet sore from its recent disappointment and sorrow, her soul rebelled against the smallest word of admiration; and vexed to find this new acquaintance as insincere as the rest, she brought their *tete-a-tete* to an end as speedily as good breeding would permit.

When it was too late, Carlisle saw that he had blundered, without being at all able to detect how and where; and when, almost the last of the guests, he took his leave, it was with a greater feeling of puzzled annoyance than he would have liked any one to suspect.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FATE OF AMERICA.

There is a class of persons who take a morbid pleasure in looking upon the dark side of things. To them there was never any thing quite so bad as the evil that is just upon them, or just coming. They seem to welcome with melancholy satisfaction events that afford a pretext for grumbling. Even in days of prosperity they shake their heads and prophecy gloomily of the future; and when tribulation comes, they remind you with solemn complacency that "they told you so."

That the present times should have a tendency to thicken the clouds that hang over such minds, is altogether natural. They despair of America. They see no hope for the future of this magnificent confederacy. All this prosperity which we have inherited from illustrious ancestors is drawing to a tragical close. The sun is setting in blood.

Many of this class possess strong understandings, and can boast of learning and experience which give them influence. They are capable of calculating closely and predicting accurately the course of events up to a certain point. But there their sagacity deserts them. Their intellects are vigorous, but they are wanting in hope. They see the evil, and will not look beyond.

This moral biliousness is unfortunately contagious. But for our part we have no sympathy with it whatever. Of the destiny of this country we cannot take despairing views. It is like a young Herculus afflicted with mumps or measles, to which gigantic countries, as well as puny ones, are liable. The sickness and soreness may be severe for a time, but behind all there is a native vigor and deep seated health which defy disease.

Our faith in the ultimate future of America was never greater than at this moment. Our powerful national prosperity, which has been the marvel of the world, cannot be destroyed in a day. Even if the whole system of society should be dissolved, it has elements of indestructible life which would organize themselves, and flower into prosperity and peace with a facility defiant of fate. When all enacted human laws fail, there are found in the nature of things eternal laws of order which cannot be repealed, or resisted long.

Our faith in America is not founded merely upon love for her and sanguine patriotic hope. We look at the wonderful materials which we have here for a great and mighty nation. Such wide-spread intelligence, active energies and energies still latent, moral development, calm judgment, love of justice, reliance upon Christian principles, deep-seated courage and determination—such qualities everywhere diffused, absorbing all classes into one mighty class, is a new thing under the sun. In these respects no nation ever approached America. She has the wealth, and power, and prosperity, and a future of unexampled generosity and grandeur in the hearts of such a population. Who can despair of her?

Electrical Condition of Bird's Eggs.—Dr. John Davy believes the eggs of birds to be so many electrical machines, or rather, galvanic batteries, ever in action. He considers that he has made out this point by conclusive experiments. Not only (proper contrivances being adopted) did he succeed in causing egg electricity to deflect a magnetic needle, just as ordinary electricity would have done, but he also succeeded in causing egg electricity to effect chemical decomposition.

☞ He that can keep his temper is better than he that can keep a carriage.

☞ "James, just run and put this bag on the peacock's tail; it's coming on to rain, and the poor dear will get wet, and his beautiful tail will be entirely spoiled!"

☞ Deacon Shearer got his Scripture teachings out of the "Vinegar Bible," (the one where *vineyard* is misprinted *vinegar*, which a good many people seem to have adopted as the true reading.)—*Holmes.*

THE HOME SQUADRON.

The following vessels are now ready for service—all but three or four being in the port of New York. The list comprises 26 vessels, carrying 190 guns, and 2,757 men.—This is the largest naval force ever concentrated in one squadron since the organization of the United States Navy. It consists of more ships than the Channel fleet of England, although with only about half the number of men. It exceeds the Paraguay Expedition by seven in the number of vessels, and by over a thousand in the number of men. Every vessel on the list is in commission, and manned, except the Bainbridge and Dolphin, which, as well as the brig Perry, could be got ready for sea in a few days. The revenue craft included are now subject to the rules and regulations of the regular navy, and may be considered belonging to it. About half a dozen regular men-of-war could be added to the fleet. In an engagement, the five last named ships are all that could be put in line of battle. Three ships-of-war only will be left in the Gulf of Mexico until political affairs become more settled here. As the establishment of this naval coast guard is an important movement, we print a tabular analysis of its strength, as follows:—

LIGHT DRAUGHT FOR HARBOR DUTY, TENDERS, &c.

Vessels.	Guns.	Officers & men	Tons.
Brig Dolphin,	6	100	230
Harriet Lane,	8	94	300
Steamer Water Witch,	2	60	378
Steamer Corwin,	2	80	290
Steamer Crusader,	10	110	549
Steamer Mohawk,	8	110	464
Steamer Wyandotte,	4	110	380
Steamer Bibb,	4	83	320
Steamer Vixen,	4	90	300
Brig Bainbridge,	6	100	400
Steamer Pocahontas,	4	95	320
Four small revenue craft,	8	200	About 600

CHARTERED TRANSPORTS.

Vessels.	Guns.	Officers & men	Tons.
Stea'r Star of the West,	1	100	1,958
Stea'r Empire City,	1	100	1,151
Stea'r Philadelphia,	1	100	1,000
Stea'r Contzacolcos,	1	100	1,953
Two other chartered steamers,	2	200	Prob. 2,000
Total,	72	1,832	11,897

HEAVY DRAUGHT VESSELS.

Vessels.	Guns.	Officers & men	Tons.
Steam-frig. Powhatan,	10	500	2,415
Steam-corv. Brooklyn,	14	325	2,075
Sailing-frig. Sabine,	50	500	1,726
Sailing-sloop St. Louis,	20	300	700
Sailing-sloop Cumberland,	24	300	1,726
Total,	118	925	8,637
Grand total,	190	2,757	20,524

A Wolf Caught by a Man on Skates.—While James Graham, our wide-awake Sheriff, was out with a party skating on the river, a few days since, he observed, as he was gliding swiftly along over the smooth ice, in advance of his companions, a large wolf crossing the river, just a few rods ahead of him, when he immediately gave chase. The frightened brute turned down the stream, finding his pursuer would cut him off before he could possibly reach the opposite bank, and ran as fast as he could, which was not his greatest pace, owing to the smoothness of the ice. The Sheriff, intent on his game, bent his whole energies to accelerating his pace, keeping his eye on the gaunt creature before him, and, being a superior skater, he gained upon him at every stroke; but when within almost reach of the animal, he happened to cast his eye ahead, and there, within half a dozen yards, was an open stretch of water, several rods in width, into which the wolf sprang, followed, of course, by the Sheriff, who was unable to check his momentum soon enough to avoid the disaster. Finding himself "in for it," he laid hold of the growling, snapping brute, thereby buoying himself up until his comrades arrived, when he was pulled out, and the cause of his cold bath forthwith killed.—*St. Joseph Traveller.*

Interesting From Texas.—Governor Houston has refused to recognize the People's Convention, considering that its functions terminated in submitting the Secession Ordinance to the people. He tells the Convention that the Legislature (which meets on the 18th,) and Governor will attend to the public questions now arising. He favors a new Convention, to make such changes in the State Constitution as may be necessary, and is opposed to Texas joining the Southern Confederacy.

The Convention, in reply, passed an ordinance claiming full powers, promising to consummate as speedily as possible the connection of Texas with the Confederate States, and notifying the State of this course.

The Convention will at once require all of the State officers to take the oath of allegiance to support the new Government and carry out the Convention ordinances.

It is reported that Clark will be put in Houston's place, if the latter refuses to take this oath.

It is also reported that Houston is raising troops on his own account.

There are 1,500 Texan troops at or near Brownsville.

Locomotives on Common Roads.—The success of the experiment in England of running locomotives on common roads is so complete, as to induce Parliament to provide for their regulation. A bill has been introduced into that body which enacts that the weight on each pair of wheels is not to exceed one ton and a half. The weight of locomotives over county, parish, or suspension bridges is not to exceed fifteen tons, and any damage is to be made good. The locomotives are to consume their own smoke. Two persons are to drive and conduct every locomotive, and red lights are to be fixed conspicuously in front of locomotive and wagons one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise. The speed of locomotives on high roads is not to exceed ten miles an hour, and through towns, cities, or villages, five. No locomotive is to be used within the city of London more than seven feet in width and with wheels six inches wide. Parliament does not stand in the way of improvement, but recognizes it and endeavors to regulate it for the benefit of the public.

Singular Effects of Small Circumstances.—The Historical Magazine has an article entitled "Two Princes of Wales visit the United States at the same time," in which it shows that, had the will of Henry VIII. been carried into effect, the line of Royal success would have been so changed, that the present Duke of Buckingham would be King of England now, and his son, the Marquis of Chandos (who visited this country last summer,) would be Prince of Wales, instead of Albert Edward. It is no less strange that, but for the law of the Protestant succession, by which the Catholic members of the Stuart line were deprived of all rights on account of their religion, the King of Sardinia, Victor Emanuel, would now be King of England.

Foreigners Now.—Passengers for Savannah by the steamship lines were notified that their baggage would be subject to the scrutiny of the Savannah Custom-House officers. The officers, it is said, make a very rigid examination, and allow nothing but the strictly personal effects of the passengers to pass.

A QUEER PEOPLE.

Chambers's Journal, discussing a recent book of missionary travels, in Africa, thus alludes to one of the tribes which are found in that *terra incognita*:

"But the strangest of all are the stories told of the Dokos, who live among the moist, warm bamboo woods to the south of Kaffa and Susa. Only four feet high, of a dark olive color, savage and naked, they have neither houses nor temples, neither fire nor human food. They live only on ants, mice and serpents, diversified by a few roots and fruits; they let their nails grow long, like talons, the better to dig for aunts, and the more easily to tear in pieces their favorite snakes.

"They do not marry, but live indiscriminative lives of animals, multiplying very rapidly, and with very little maternal instinct. The mother nurses her child for only a short time, accustoming it to eat ants and serpents as soon as possible; and when it can help itself, it wanders away where it will, and the mother thinks no more about it. The Dokos are invaluable as slaves, and are taken in large numbers. The slave-hunters hold up bright colored clothes as soon as they come to the moist, warm bamboo woods where these human monkeys live, and the poor Dokos cannot resist the attraction offered by such superior people. They crowd round them, and are taken in thousands.

In slavery they are docile, attached, obedient, with few wants, and excellent health. They have only one fault—a love of ants, mice, and serpents, and a habit of speaking to Yer with their heads on the ground, and their heels in the air. Yer is their idea of a superior power, to whom they talk in this comical nature when they are dispirited or angry, or tired of ants and snakes, and longing for unknown food. The Dokos seem to come nearest of all people yet discovered to that terrible cousin of humanity—the ape."

Petition for a Peaceable Separation.—The following petition is in circulation in Boston and its vicinity, and has received many signatures:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of Massachusetts in General Court Assembled:

The petition of the undersigned citizens of Massachusetts respectfully represents, that in their opinion the feeling which has long been growing in the cotton States has culminated into a state of hostility to the North, that establishes clearly that a return of those States to the Northern Confederacy is impossible, without such a sacrifice of principle on the part of the North as would render a unity of States, under such terms, of no value. Your petitioners, in view of this aspect, and the want of confidence in the business community, which this state has brought about, and the probability of no improvement for a long period; and also in view of the great evils of civil war, which would follow if measures of coercion and conquest were taken, and further, if such measures resulted in conquest, that the conquered people would again be clothed with the same immunities and privileges as they had before, and would return their Representatives to the Congress of the United States, to re-enact the same scenes again, do respectfully petition that you would pass the following act, and submit the same to the different States, that such action may be taken thereon as will accord with the requirements of the Constitution of the United States.

Resolved, By the People of Massachusetts, That in view of the hostile attitude which the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas have taken toward the other States, and the great evils which would follow attempts of coercion and conquest, the people of Massachusetts are willing, and do consent (three-quarters of the other States agreeing to the same), that the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, may secede from the Union, and form any other government which they deem best for their interests; provided that they declare freedom of navigation in the Mississippi river, and surrender all right to a district of territory, of six miles square, bordering on the Mississippi and opposite to the city of New Orleans, as a port of entry of the United States; and further, that they resign all right and claim to participation of the territories now belonging to the United States, and in consideration of which all forts, custom-houses, and other property of the United States lying within the boundaries of the above-named States, shall be made over and surrendered to them.

The Gaines Case.—And so Mrs Gaines—the indefatigable—has gained her case at last. It is finally established, after an immense amount of battling upon collateral issues, and several defeats upon those issues, that the lady in question "is the only legitimate child of Daniel Clark, and his universal legatee under his last will, and as such entitled to all the property, real and personal, of which Mr. Clark died possessed; and that the defendant (Henning) having purchased certain property with full notice of the nullity of the title under which he held it, she is entitled to recover immediate possession of it, with the rents and profits."

The court said that measures would be at once taken to enforce the decree; and Judge Wayne said, in conclusion, "The future writer of the history of jurisprudence will be obliged to register this celebrated case as one of the most remarkable on record."

The amount involved is variously estimated at from two millions to fifteen millions of dollars.

The Louisiana act of secession does not affect the Gaines case decision, which has been pending for about thirty years, as all pending suits in the United States courts in which residents of that State were concerned were exempted from interference.

Mrs. Gaines was in court, and received the congratulations of her friends.

American Grape Culture.—Horticulturists predict, and with very good reasons, that the grape is destined to play a very important part in fruit culture. They say that the vine will be very extensively cultivated not only for the table, but for the manufacture of wine. A correspondent of the Horticulturist asserts, and there is nothing chimerical in the idea, that at no very distant day American wine will be exported hence to Europe. The first decade in this revolution, he says, has already been reached, and we are now furnishing vines for planting in Madeira and the old Duoro districts of Portugal, where the vineyards have been nearly destroyed by oidium. Already upwards of forty thousand Isabella and Catawba vines have been planted in Oporto. A good beginning, certainly.

The Judges in the House of Lords recently decided that a clergyman had no power to solemnize his own marriage, and that the issue of such a marriage was illegitimate. The question came before their lordships in connection with a case which has excited considerable interest in Ireland.

Three soldiers, recently discharged from Fort Sumter have reached New York. They report that Major Anderson is short of fuel and provisions, and that twenty five of his men would be discharged from service last week, by the expiration of their time of enlistment, none of whom were disposed to re-enter the army.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE "SOUTHERN CONFEDERATION."

The permanent Constitution of the Confederated States having been adopted by Congress, and the obligation of secresy removed, your correspondent is enabled to transmit the main features of that document.

No person of a foreign State, and not a citizen of the Confederated States, is allowed to vote for any officer, either civil or political, State or Federal.

Under the first census, South Carolina is entitled to five Representatives in Congress; Georgia to ten Representatives; Alabama to nine Representatives; Florida to two Representatives; Mississippi to seven Representatives; Louisiana to six Representatives; and Texas to six Representatives. Each State to have two Senators.

The State Legislatures may impeach a Judicial or Federal officer, resident and acting in said State, by a two-third vote.

Both branches of Congress may grant seats on the floor of either House to the principal officer of each Executive Department, with the privilege of discussing the measures of his department.

The representation of three-fifths of the slaves is continued.

Congress is not allowed, through the imposition of duties, to foster any branch of industry.

The foreign slave trade is prohibited.

Congress is prohibited from making appropriations unless by a vote of two-thirds of both Houses, except when the appropriations are asked by the head of some Department or the President.

No extra compensation is to be allowed to any contractor, officer, or agent, after the contract is made, or the service rendered.

Every law or resolution having the force of law, shall relate to but one subject, and be expressed by its title.

The President and Vice President shall serve for six years.

The principal officers of the Departments and in the Diplomatic service, shall be removable at the pleasure of the President, and other civil officers removable when their services are unnecessary, or for other good causes and reasons.

Removals from office must be reported to the Senate, and practically no captious removals are to be tolerated.

Other States to be admitted into the Confederacy by a vote of two-thirds of both Houses.

The Confederacy may acquire territory, and slavery shall be acknowledged and protected by Congress and the Territorial Government.

When five States have ratified the Constitution, it shall be established for said States, and until ratified, the Provisional Constitution is to continue in force for a period not extending beyond one year.

The Distribution of Plants and Seeds.—Congress appropriated $60,000 for the distribution of seeds and plants, and this spring the distribution has commenced through the members of Congress, among whom they have been apportioned. A correspondent of the N. Y. Advertiser says they embrace large numbers of grape-vines, of the Isabella, Delaware, Catawba, Diana and Hartford prolific varieties, with some of the Texan varieties, procured by an agent sent there for the purpose in 1858-9. Distribution has also been made of eight thousand tea-plants; of a large number of the genuine osier, or basket-willow. Madder-seed, obtained from France, has been sent in considerable quantities to the State agricultural societies. The seeds for distribution embrace one hundred and fifty-four varieties of garden vegetables, and one hundred and ten varieties of flowers, each member receiving from one to four-and-twenty papers of a variety, as it may be suited to the soil or climate of his district. One million of papers have been sent out, and another million of papers are nearly ready to be sent. The Southern Senators and Representatives have received their quotas, and have in several instances written for additional supplies.

Oh happy in their homes the noble dead!
The seal is set on their majestic fame;
Earth has drunk deep the generous blood they shed—
Fate has no power to dim their stainless name.
They may not in one bitter moment shame
Long glorious years; from many a lofty stem
Fall graceful flowers, and eagle hearts grow tame,
And stars drop fading from the diadem,
But the bright *past* is theirs—there is no change for *them*!"

☞ **A Ready Answer.**—When Clark, the traveller, asked, in Sweden, what became of a woman who fell into the shaft of an iron mine that he visited—"Became of her!" said the man to whom he put the question, striking his hand forcibly upon his thigh; "she became a pancake!"

☞ A shoemaker was taken up for bigamy.

"Which wife," asked a bystander, "will he be obliged to take?"

"He is a cobbler, and of course must stick to his *last*."

☞ No less than $1,500,000 are invested in bee culture in Ohio.

☞ Many men die martyrs, and then have an impartial judgment passed upon their lives, just as the poor whales are killed first and tried afterward.

☞ The perfume of a thousand roses soon dies, but the pain caused by *one* of their thorns remains long after; a saddened remembrance in the midst of mirth, is like that thorn among the roses.

☞ What a beautiful comment the following is upon a good housewife: "To hear her converse, you would suppose she did nothing but read; to have looked through the department of her household, you would have supposed she never read."

☞ A countryman was seen staring at the signs in Albany, when a pert clerk asked him if he wished to buy some gape-seed.—"No, I don't want none," was the reply; "I am looking at this little town—I talk of buying it."

☞ Two thirds and more of the citizens of Boston live in hired houses. In New York less than one-half live in hired houses, and in Philadelphia still less.

☞ An influx of riches, and constant health; a wife that is dear to me, and one who is of kind and agreeable speech; a child who is obedient, and useful knowledge—are the six pleasures of life.

☞ It is no small commendation to manage a little well. He is a good wagoner who can turn in a little room. To live well in abundance is the praise of the estate, not of the person. We should study more to give a good account of a little than how to make it more.—*Emerson.*

☞ The Public Schools of the United States are attended by about 4,000,000 children.

RECENT ELECTIONS.

New Hampshire.—The Republicans have carried New Hampshire by about 5,000 majority. They elect all the Congressmen, and two-thirds of the Legislature.

A vote was recently taken at Petersburg, Virginia, relative to instructing their delegates in the Convention to go for secession. The vote was

For secession	879
Against secession	762

The Union vote in February was 1,013 against 427 for secession.

H. S. Evans (Conservative Republican) has been elected Chief Burgess of West Chester, Pa., by 200 majority over Addison May (Ultra Republican.) Republican Judges were chosen by the usual majorities.

The municipal election at Harrisburg, Pa., on the 15th, resulted in the triumph of the Democrats, who carried all of the five Councilmen, five of the six Assessors, had a majority of the election officers in every ward but the fifth.

The recent town elections through New York State show a Republican gain.

Want of Food in Mississippi.—Contributions in Illinois.—There is a great deal of suffering in several counties of Mississippi. The following additional statements reach us by the last mails:

"The Board of Police, of Smith county, at its late meeting, authorized the issuing of bonds to the amount of $5,000, for the purpose of buying corn for the people of the county, and appointed Major John G. Blackwell agent for its purchase. Major Blackwell has succeeded in getting a small quantity, and it has been shipped to Lake Station."

Major Hawkins, the agent appointed to solicit aid from the north and west, has been very successful in his appeals to the people of Illinois. He writes as follows from Springfield, the capital of that State:

"Springfield, Ill., Feb. 17, 1861.

"A. G. Mayer—Dear Sir:—You will learn by this where I am. The citizens of this place called a meeting and *appointed a committee to solicit donations* to supply those who are unable to buy corn in our region. *The committee have raised enough to buy one thousand bushels*, (including sacks,) to be sent right on to supply their immediate wants. Those who can must raise the money to pay the freight from here to Vicksburg. I enclose a copy of an agreement from the President of the railroad at Vicksburg, to ship the corn from there to other points on the road. I can get all the corn that may be wanted on credit here, if arrangements can be made to pay the freight from here to Vicksburg. Would it not be well for a kind of stock company to be formed, and for some five or six prominent persons to become responsible to those who furnish the corn here, and let those who get the corn from the sureties become responsible to them?

"Sacks are very scarce and high here. Will you notify all who sent for corn by me, to gather up all the sacks they have and can obtain, and send them here right off, to me.

"*The Committee will send the corn for gratuitous distribution to those who are needy, right away*, and I will send that I buy on credit as soon as I can learn that the freight from here to Vicksburg can be paid, and as soon as I can get some sacks. Yours, respectfully,

"Benjamin Hawkins."

The Brandon (Miss.) Republican says:—"Some narrow-minded, contemptible demagogues say that the citizens of Illinois give us corn because they fear us, and wish to get on good terms with us again. We believe they are actuated by purely Christian motives, and that they have purer and better hearts than those who make such charges. Whilst we would rather labor day and night, from one year to another, than beg either from them or anybody else, we would not hesitate to beg if our little ones were starving."

Excitement in New Orleans—Republican Flag in Port.—A decided excitement was created in New Orleans on the 8th inst., by the appearance at the mast head of the ship Adelaide Bell, owned in New Hampshire, of a flag the captain of the ship proclaimed to be a "Black Republican flag," and defied anybody to pull it down. Intelligence of the exhibition and its accompanying threat were soon spread abroad, and the captain was waited upon by several parties, who induced him to lower the obnoxious bunting. The flag which created so much attention is the old "Stars and Stripes," with this difference, that the stripes are reversed, there being a red stripe next below the union, whilst in the Government flag a white stripe comes next to the union. Much indignation is expressed at the conduct of the captain, who denies, however, that the flag had any political significance, and asserts that the flag was presented to the ship when she was launched, seven years ago, by Mr. Isaac Bell, of Mobile, after whose wife, Mrs. Adelaide Bell, the ship was named. His statement is disbelieved, the "Vigilant" Committee sticking to their assertion that the flag is known at sea among sea-captains as the flag of the Northern or Black Republican States, and has been so recognized for three or four years.

Appointments.—Hon. Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, as Minister to Spain, and Hon. Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, Minister to Mexico. The latter is considered the most important mission under the Government at this time, considering the territorial expansion question as connected with the Confederate States. John Z. Goodrich as Collector of Boston; George W. McLellan, of Massachusetts, as Second Assistant Postmaster General, salary $3,000; D. W. C. Littlejohn, of New York, Consul at Liverpool; Wm. H. Vesey, Consul at Aix-la-Chapelle; Lucius G. Forbes, Postmaster at Beloit, Wis; John F. Speed, Postmaster, Louisville, Ky.; and J. P. Baker, of Nebraska, Indian Agent. Col. Sumner, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, in place of Gen. Twiggs, and Lieut. Talbott to the rank of Assistant Adjutant-General. Amos Tuck, of New Hampshire, as Naval Officer for the port of Boston; Willard Phillips as Collector at Salem, Massachusetts, and Rufus Hosmer as Consul-General at Frankfort-on-the-Main; Archibald Williams as District Judge for Kansas, and William P. Doyle, Commissioner for Indian Affairs.

The Southern Confederation.—In the Southern Congress at Montgomery, President Davis's veto of the Act relative to the African slave trade, was received and sustained, the vote on the bill standing yeas 15, nays 24. He objects to that clause of the Act providing for the sale of the captured negroes to the highest bidder, as really doing what the Constitution on this point forbids.

Dispatches have been received at Montgomery from an apparently reliable source, stating that five war vessels left New York on Tuesday night, well armed, and with a large number of marines and ample supplies of provisions, which are believed to be destined for some southern port. The New York papers say that these were three vessels for the Gulf force, and two for Texas, to bring back the U. S. troops.

☞ **A New Wife.**—"Bob, did you hear that my father gets married again next Easter?" "No, Tom, I did not. Does he get an old woman?" "No; he gets a new one."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Arabia brings dates to the 3rd, and $1,300,000. The Etna brought $1,265,000.

The Australasian is safe—she returned to Queenstown in consequence of an accident, and transferred her mails and passengers to the Arabia.

A pastoral letter, by the Bishop of Poictiers, comparing the Emperor to Pontius Pilate, had created a great sensation throughout France, and the Government was debating what measures to take in the matter.

The siege of Messina, it was expected would be commenced in a few days. The Sardinians had occupied the heights commanding the citadel.

The Russian government announces that no government measure relative to the peasantry will be published until the 2d of March.

A Paris letter to the London Daily News mentions a rumor, which is accredited in official quarters, that Prince Metternich has just communicated to M. Thouvenel an important note from the Court of Vienna, wherein it is asserted that the Austrian Government will never recognize Victor Emmanuel as King of Italy; and if France withdraws her troops from Rome, Austria will immediately replace them by her own army, and if the revolutionists make the least movements in Venetia or Hungary, she will cross the Mincio.

The slave-trade had been discussed in the House of Commons, upon a motion to adopt more stringent measures for its suppression. Lord John Russell stated that the efforts of the English Government had, to a great extent, been successful, and that it was owing to the American Government denying the right of search in time of peace they had not been more so. The United States Minister at Paris had been officially assured that no delegate from South Carolina, or any other seceded State, had been received by the Emperor or M. Thouvenel. It is stated that the inhabitants of Rome are making secret preparations for the reception of King Victor Emmanuel. The Italian Senate, on the 26th ult., passed, by a vote of 129 to 2, the project of law granting the title of King of Italy to Victor Emmanuel and his descendants. The Emperor of Austria had signed the new Constitution. A serious insurrection had broken out in Buworina, Turkey, which Mehemet Pasha, with a body of troops, was unable to overcome, and was obliged to retreat. The insurgents were receiving reinforcements from all parts. The financial embarrassments of Turkey continued. Breadstuffs were dull with a declining tendency. Cotton was dull at a trifling advance. Provisions quiet.

A Domestic Surprise.—A few days ago, says a Paris correspondent, Baron de —— gave a dinner to a half-dozen friends, to "warm" a house he had just built for himself. It was a bachelor dinner, his wife being in the country. When they were at dessert, a lady entered the room—his wife! There was a disagreeable moment or two for the guests, as surprises are always disagreeable, especially when they come in petticoats. She said—

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to disarrange you, but I have something to say to my husband, and am not sorry to have your company."

She thereupon went up to her husband, who was turning as many colors as a dying dolphin, and said to him—

"Six weeks ago, in the heat of a discussion which I did not provoke, you were coward enough to slap me. As there were no witnesses present, my lawyer tells me I can bring no action. There are witnesses here—now, sir, take *that*!" (giving him a terrible slap.) "Use your witnesses. I expect your lawyer at once."

She then quitted the room majestically.—The husband has summoned all his friends as witnesses, and brought suit for divorce.

California Resolution.—The Senate amended the Union resolution previously passed in the Assembly, and adopted it in the following form by a vote of 20 yeas to 6 nays—the negative vote being cast by the Republican members:—

Resolved, That we heartily endorse the plan of settlement for the existing difficulties in the Atlantic States, as proposed by the Hon. J. J. Crittenden, in the Senate of the United States, January 8th, 1861, and that we condemn the use of military force to coerce the people, recommending conciliation and concession rather than war and disunion.

At Toledo, a few weeks since, a cat, which by some means had found its way into one of the churches of that city, bit the hand of a lady who attempted to expel it from the pew; the sexton was called to assist, and he also received a scratch. Neither of the parties paid any particular attention to the wound. A few days after, however, both were taken very ill. The sexton has since died, but it is thought the lady may possibly recover.

"Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall!
Though few now taste thee, unimpaired and pure,
Or tasting, long enjoy thee! Too infirm
Or too incautious to preserve thy sweets
Unmixed with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup.
Thou art the nurse of Virtue; in thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven born, and destined to the skies again.
—— Thou art meek and constant, hating change,
And finding in the calm of truth-tried love
Joys that more stormy raptures never yield.
Forsaking thee, what shipwrecks have we made
Of honor, dignity, and fair renown!"

☞ Prince Kung, brother of the Emperor of China, while taking lunch with Lord Elgin in Pekin, said that, until our visit this year, they did not know that India was merely a province of the British Empire; they formerly believed Great Britain to be a very small island, the population of which was so large, more than half were obliged to live in ships.—*English paper.*

☞ The fatal ravages of croup and diptheria have stimulated English chemists to discover which is the best solvent of the false membrane that forms in the throat of those attacked by these generally fatal disorders. Numerous substances were tried; but the greatest success resulted from the application of those which nature has scattered most abundantly within our reach; such as sea water, carbonate of soda, the mother-waters left in the manufacture of soda from sea water, and, lastly, glycerine.

☞ A hypocrite may spin so fair a thread as to deceive his own eye. He may admire the cobweb, and not know himself to be the spider.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1100 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 9c ℘ ℔. 85 Cows brought from $25 to 40 ℘ head. 3700 Sheep were sold at from 4¼ to 5½c ℘ ℔, gross weight. 1614 head of Hogs brought from $6¾ to 7 for still-fed, and the corn-fed $8 ℔ cwt, net.

NEWS ITEMS.

FRANCE.—A short time since, by an official statement, it was shown that within the last seven years the national debt of France had increased $700,000,000; the last steamer brings us news of the failure of one man in the same country for $120,000,000, and of Mocquard & Co., and Ernest Andre, and that the Credit Mobilier, the grandest financial scheme of this or any other age, is on the brink of insolvency.

DENIED.—The reported seizure of the northern stock in the Macon and Western Railway is denied. The President of the road, Isaac Scott, states that there is no foundation for the report.

A TREASURE.—A girl advertises in a German newspaper for a situation as bar-maid or waitress in a refreshment saloon. Among her qualifications for such a position, she says she can cut 225 pieces of bread and butter, of satisfactory appearance, out of one pound of bread and two ounces of butter. That girl must have graduated at a railroad station.

THE editor of the Scientific American announces that he has received a sample of some excellent short staple cotton raised in Camden, N. J. The gentleman upon whose ground it was raised has, in connection with several others, determined to plant several acres in cotton seed. If the attempt be successful, it will be a good thing for Jersey.

OWING to the recent drought in India, it is estimated that four millions of persons are deprived of the means of subsistence.

H. G. BULKLEY, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, has made the discovery that by slightly steaming Chinese sugar cane before it is pressed, all the juice can be easily extracted with a common set of pressure rollers. As the pressing of this cane constituted the chief difficulty with farmers in obtaining syrup from it, this discovery is said to be of great importance to them.

ALABAMA.—The Alabama State Convention has ratified the permanent Constitution of the Confederate States, by a vote of 87 years to 5 nays.

CITY RAILROADS IN LONDON.—The improvement of city railroads having been once started in England, it is making friends as rapidly as it did in Philadelphia. Nine different companies have lately applied for grants to build as many railroads in the city of London. Seven of these roads are to be tunnels, and two viaducts. These schemes are gigantic in their conception, and will cost vast sums to complete.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES IN FRANCE.—Locomotives, to be driven by American anthracite coal, are now constructing by the Paris and Orleans Railway Company, at their workshops at Ivry, under the direction of a Philadelphian, named Millholland. The coal can be laid down on the line for $6,75 per ton, and the experiment annoys the English coal dealers very much. It is said to be owing to the enterprise of a French nobleman, recently in this country, whose attention was drawn to the subject while travelling with Lord Lyons, the British minister, over the Reading Railway.

BATH, Maine, seems to keep up finely in the great race of ship building, and may be rated as among the towns of the Union that do the largest business in that direction. According to the Sentinel, of that place, there were built there in 1860, 16 ships, 5 barks, 4 schooners, 3 sloops, 3 boats, and 1 steamer, making a total of 32 vessels, and a tonnage of 18,884.

SHERMAN M. BOOTH, in prison in Milwaukie, for a violation of the fugitive slave laws, is said to be "completely broken down by his imprisonment."

THE recent shot accidentally fired from Fort Moultrie, and which hit Sumter (doing no damage,) and was immediately apologized for, is generally supposed to have been "an accident a-purpose," to test the range and power of the guns, or the temper of Anderson. All his embrasures were immediately opened, and three columbiads run out, ready for action.

THE American Bee Journal states that the nectar of flowers, as gathered by bees, is a watery solution of cane sugar. In the process of this transformation, the cane sugar is decomposed into three different kinds, which constitute honey. The heat which the bees maintain in the hive causes this change; weak acids, as well as heat and moisture, can effect a similar conversion of cane sugar.

IT is understood that one of the objects of Col. Fremont's journey to Europe is to induce the investment of foreign capital, in the working of his extensive gold field in Mariposa.

COMMODORE STEWART—"Old Ironsides"—has not resigned, as stated in some despatches, but objects to being longer placed on the naval register as "senior flag officer." He asks to be restored to the head of the list of captains.

SPELLING matches are all the rage in Winsted, Conn. They had one in Camp Hall, Monday night, and collected forty dollars in ten-cent admissions. Nine schools of the town sent five picked spellers. First prize, Webster's unabridged pictorial dictionary. They used up the spelling book, two or three geographies, and had to bring out the classics before some of the sharpest spellers would succumb.

THE London Examiner says:—"England has already spent £2,000,000 in experimenting upon oceanic cables, and we are decidedly of the opinion that a north Atlantic cable to bring the Old and the New World together by the route of Scotland, the Faroe islands, Iceland, Greenland, and Labrador, over seas infested by icebergs and icebound coasts, is a hopeless project, that will not be, and ought not to be, attempted.

THE Miss Lilly Tyler, who loosed "the impatient folds" of the Southern banner at Montgomery the other day, is a daughter of ex-President Tyler, and not a grand-daughter, as has been reported.

A PETITION was presented in the House of Delegates of Virginia, last Friday, asking that John Tyler Janes, of Harrison county, may have the privilege of changing his name to John Minor Botts Janes.

A FRENCH vessel of war has blockaded the Mexican ports of Mazatlan and San Blas. The sum of $10,000 is demanded in settlement of an old claim, and the letters indicate a determination on the part of the French commander not to raise the siege until the sum is paid.

KIT CARSON.—The famous Kit Carson is alive and well in Texas, a respected Indian agent on a salary of $1,500 per annum.

THE Galveston (Texas,) Civilian, of the 11th, says that Capt. Hill had made an agreement to surrender Fort Brown on the 6th. The News says that the fort will be given up as soon as means of transportation can be found for the Federal troops.

THE official numbers of the standing army of the "Southern Confederation," has been fixed at 10,745, including four Brigadier-Generals, and nine colonels.

AT PENSACOLA.—It was stated in the Alabama State Convention on the 8th, by the Hon. John Cochran, of Barbour, who had probably received a despatch to that effect, that there are now concentrated at Pensacola six U. S. war vessels, with about 1,500 troops on board, ready to assist Lieut. Slemmer in defence of Fort Pickens, should an attack be made upon it.

NEW SENATOR.—David Wilmot has been elected Senator from Penna., in place of Cameron, by 95 votes for Wilmot, to 34 for Welsh, (Dem.,) and one each for Ketcham and Wilkins.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There is no quotable change in the market; the sales comprise only some 5000 bbls, part taken for shipment at $5@5,25 for standard and better brands of superfine; $5,30@5,35 for Western extra; $5,37½@5,50 for Pennsylvania do, part Lancaster county, and $5,62½ for extra family. The sales to the trade have been limited within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $5,75 to $6,75 for extra family fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is steady, and selling in a small way at $3,50@3,62½, mostly at the former quotations. Corn Meal is also steady, with light receipts and sales of some 600 bbls Penna Meal to note at $2,87½ ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts and stocks of Wheat continue light, and with a fair demand, mostly for shipment; holders have realized rather better prices this week. Sales include about 28,000 bus mostly Reds, at $1,25@1,28 for fair to good and prime Western and Penna, and $1,28@1,30 for Southern do, and $1,35@1,50 for White, as in quality, the latter for choice Kentucky, in store. Rye is dull and rather lower, with small sales of Penna at 66@68c. Corn is also dull and lower, with moderate receipts and sales; in all about 30,000 bus, chiefly new Yellow, at 55@56c, in the cars and in store, and 56@57c afloat. Of old Corn sales are reported at 59@60c, and new White at 55@57c, as to condition. Oats are but little inquired for, and 15,000 bus found buyers at 32@32½c for Penna, and 31@32c for Southern, mostly at the former figures. Barley and Malt are quiet, and the former is scarce at 72@75c.

PROVISIONS—The market for the Hog product generally continues almost at a stand still, but without any material variation to note in the price or demand, and bbld Meats move off as wanted at $17¼@17½ for Mess Pork, and $12@14 for city Mess Beef. Dressed Hogs are worth $6¾@7 the 100 lbs. Bacon sells slowly at 11@12½c for plain and fancy Hams; 10@10½c for Sides, and 8@8½c for Shoulders, usual terms. Of green Meats the sales are also limited at 9@9½c for Hams in salt and pickle; 9@9½c for Sides, and 7@7½c for Shoulders in salt, usual credit. Lard is quiet, and about 500 tcs prime Western sold at 10½c, on time; country packed is dull at 10c, and kegs at 11@11½c ℔ ℔. Butter is steady with moderate receipts, and sales at 10@13c for Roll, and 9@10c for packed. Cheese is also steady at 10@11c ℔ ℔, and Eggs plenty and selling freely at 13c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—Some 600 bales found buyers in small lots, at from 9 to 14c for ordinary to middling, and middling fair Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time, mostly of the former at equal to 13¼@13½c, cash, for middling fair quality.

BARK—Quercitron comes in slowly, but the demand is less active, and 1st No 1 is steady but quiet at $26 ℔ ton. Nothing doing in tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX—Good yellow continues scarce and in request at 32c ℔ ℔.

COAL—There is very little alteration to note in the market, and but little selling either for shipment or home use.

COFFEE—The receipts and stocks continue very light, and the market is firm and more active with sales of 4000 bags, mostly Rio, to note at from 11 to 14½c, usual terms, including some Laguayra at 14¼@14½c on time.

COPPER continues dull, but without any change to note in sheathing or yellow metal.

FEATHERS are arriving and selling rather more freely at 45@46c for good Western, as to lots.

FRUIT—Nothing new in dried fruits, and a small business to note in Apples and Peaches at about previous quotations; 150 bags of the latter, unpared halves, sold at 4¾c ℔ ℔. Green Apples and Cranberries are also quiet, and prices are nominally unchanged. Of Peanuts sales of 300 bags North Carolina at $1,40 ℔ bus.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS—The sales continue light at the decline, prices ranging at 24@28c for new crop eastern and western. The stock is light, and old Hops very dull.

IRON—Sales of about 1200 tons Anthracite having come under our notice at $20@21 for No. 2, and $21@22 for No. 1, on time. In Scotch Pig we hear of no sales, except in a small way from store, at $24@25, usual time. Manufactured Iron is steady but quiet.

LEAD is held with more firmness, but there is very little movement in the market, and a light stock to operate in.

LUMBER—Business opens slowly, and the only sales we hear of are 150,000 feet yellow sap Boards at $14½@15, and 300,000 English Laths at $1,80@1,85 ℔ M.

MOLASSES is dull, and lower, with sales of 250 hhds clayed Cuba, at 18½c. Some small sales of Cuba also reported at 19@21c, the latter for Muscovado, and New Orleans at 34@35c, on time.

PLASTER—There is none arriving or selling, and quotations are entirely nominal.

RICE is unchanged, and about 250 casks have been disposed of in lots at 4@4¼c ℔ ℔, cash and time.

SEEDS—There has been a steady demand for Cloverseed and most of the lots offered, some 2000 bus, sold at $4,75@5 ℔ bus, including some recleaned seed taken at the latter figures, closing, however, rather quiet. Timothy is scarce and wanted, with sales of 300 bus at $2,75@3; domestic Flaxseed sells on arrival at $1,50 ℔ bus; Calcutta Linseed has further advanced at the East, sales having been made at $1,72 ℔ bus at Boston. Of Red Top, sales are reported at $1,87½@2 ℔ sack.

SPIRITS—There is very little movement in foreign, owing to the firmness of holders, and the sales of Brandy and Gin have been limited. A cargo of the latter has just arrived. N E Rum moves off slowly at 30@32c. Whiskey is dull and lower, with light receipts and sales to note at 17@18c for Drudge; 17½@18c for hhds; 17½@18c for Penna bbls and 18½@19c for Ohio do, closing at the lowest figures.

SUGARS are steady but inactive, with light receipts and sales, in all about 850 hhds mostly Cuba, taken for refining, at 4½@5c, including some old crop Porto Rico at 5½c, and New Orleans at 5¾@6½c, and 400 boxes at 4¾@5¼c, all on the usual terms.

TALLOW has been more active, but at rather lower figures, with sales of city at 9½c, and country at 8¾c ℔ ℔, mostly of the latter.

TOBACCO—There is no alteration in the price of leaf or manufactured, and a moderate business in the latter.

WOOL—The demand for all kinds continues of a limited character, and a few small lots of fleece have been disposed of at about previous quotations.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

March 16.—FLOUR buoyant; of 10,500 bbls sold at $5,05@5,10 for State, $5,45@5,55 for Ohio, and $5,30@5,60 for Southern. Wheat has an advancing tendency; sales of 45,000 bus at an advance of 1c; Milwaukie Club $1,23; white Canada $1,53. Corn firm; 25,000 bus sold at 65@66c for mixed, and 66c for new. Pork dull at $16,50@16,75 for Mess, and $12,50@12,75 for Prime. Lard firm. Whiskey dull at 17¼@17¾c.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			Sus & Tidewater	—	4
U S 6 pr ct. '82	105	—	bonds, 1878		31
" " '67	109	—	RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
" " '68	109	—	Pennsylvania R R		
" 5 " coupon '74	[illegible]	—	1st mort bonds	101	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	97	—	2nd "	90	91
new	102½	102½	stock	41½	41½
" 5 "	—	—	Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	90	96
Pitts 6 pr ct.	—	65	stock	115	115½
" coupon	—	—	Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	83	—
All'gy City 6 pr ct.	65	—	mort 6's '44	—	89
County	40	—	" '84	71½	—
Penn 6 pr ct.	[illegible]	—	stock	21	[illegible]
" 5 "	—	[illegible]	Phil, Wil & Balt stock	36	—
Tenn 6 "	—	—	6 pr ct loan '60	—	94
" 5 coupon	—	—	Elmira 7's 1st mort	—	65
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	95	2nd "	—	—
Missouri	—	—	stock	3	—
Ohio " 1886	—	—	Catawissa	—	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	—	[illegible]	Beaver Meadow stock	—	64
Virginia "	81	91½	preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
Ind State pr ct	82	—	North Penn'a R R stock	[illegible]	[illegible]
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.			6 pr ct loan	65	—
Sch'l Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	62½	66½	Phil Ger & N R R stock div'd off	50	50½
imp. 6 pr ct	75	80	6 pr ct loan	96	—
stock	—	[illegible]	Erie R R stock		72
preferred	16½	18	Hudson River R R	[illegible]	—
Lehigh Nav stock	51½	52½	N Y Central	77½	—
mort 6 pr ct scrip	34½	35	Michigan Central	—	—
Morris Consol'd	[illegible]	[illegible]	Illinois	—	—
preferred	10½	11	Michigan Southern	—	—
Ches & Del bonds	71	—			
Union bonds	—	—			

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HUNT & MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
GREEN & CO., Nashville, Tenn.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
Periodical dealers generally [illegible] States have it for sale.

ATTENTION, [illegible]!

We perceive, by the advertisement of Messrs. Horace L. Hegeman & Co., of 24 William street, New York city, that the renowned "Stimulating Onguent," invented by Dr. Bellingham, for a healthy stimulation in the growth of beard or whiskers, has now had its American market confided to their agency. The high reputation of this article in London, Paris, and other cities of Europe, seems to have been fully justified by experience in this country. We find that its praises are re-echoed among all classes. A few [illegible] are said to [illegible] most magical influences upon the beard or whiskers. The British Volunteers have made such free use of it as to attract the attention of the London Punch. See advertisement of Messrs. HEGEMAN & CO. in another column.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th of Feb. 1861, by the Rev. J. N. Blackburn, Mr. HENRY SWEENY, to Miss EVE [illegible], all of Carroll county, Ohio.

On the [illegible] of Nov. 1860, by the Rev. Mr. Stephens, Mr. JOHN F. WARNER, to Miss MARY SIMMONS, all of Carroll county, Ohio.

On the 24th of Jan. 1861, by the Rev. S. Baker, Mr. SETH BUTTERFIELD, to Miss CATHARINE WARNER, all of Carroll county, Ohio.

On the 20th of Feb. 1861, by the Rev. Mr. McMahan, Mr. ALEXANDER RILEY, to Miss NANCY PITTINGER, all of Carroll county, Ohio.

On the 6th of Feb. 1861, by the Rev. S. Baker, at the bride's residence, in Monroe township, Carroll county, Ohio, Mr. WILLIAM G. PITTINGER, to Miss MARTHA SUITER.

On St. Valentine's day, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Robert Hamill, Mr. WILLIAM DALE, of Neshannock Falls, Lawrence county, Pa., to Miss MARY MITCHELL, of Centre county, Pa.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. SAMUEL C. WILSON, to Miss LOUISA BROWN.

On the [illegible] instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, JOSEPH [illegible] MOORE, of Woodbury, N. J. to MARY J. DORFF, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th of [illegible] 1861, GEORGE W. GILL, in his 34th year.

On Sunday morning, the 10th instant, after a protracted illness from disease of the liver, Lieut. HORACE N. CRABB, U. S. Navy.

On the morning of the 9th instant, REBECCA, widow of the late Stephen Grellet, in her 89th year.

On the 9th instant, at Coatesville, Chester co. Pa., SUSAN P. MOSELEY, aged 20 years, formerly of West Springfield, Mass.

After a short illness, JAMES PROSSER, in his 79th year.

On the 11th instant, SUSAN C. SHINN, wife of Wm. Shinn, and daughter of the late Lewis Reneck, Esq.

On the 10th instant, at Baltimore, DAVID M. WARREN, of this city.

On the 8th instant, EPHRAIM HAINES, in his 48th year.

On the 8th instant, ANTHONY MISKEY, Jr. son of John A. and V. B. Miskey, in his 27th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 16, 1861.

Alabama	8 dis.	Missouri	10 dis.
Canada	1½ dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	½ dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par to ½ dis.	New Hampshire	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	2½ dis.	New Jersey	par to ½ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	8 dis.	New York State	½ dis.
Illinois	10 dis.	North Carolina	8 dis.
Indiana	1½ to 3 dis.	Nova Scotia	— dis.
Iowa	10 dis.	Ohio	1½ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to ½ dis.
Kentucky	1½ dis.	Rhode Island	½ dis.
Louisiana	2½ dis.	South Carolina	8 dis.
Maine	½ dis.	Tennessee	6 dis.
Maryland	to ½ dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	½ dis.	Vermont	½ dis.
Michigan	2½ dis.	Virginia	6 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	10 dis.
Mississippi	—		

DOWNEY'S PROLIFIC SEEDLING STRAWBERRY.—This splendid new variety, said to surpass even the famous Wilson in productiveness, and equal to the best in quality, we now place within the reach of everybody who may desire them, viz: On the receipt of ONE DOLLAR, we will cause to be delivered 25 LIVE PLANTS into the hand of the purchaser, (under 3,000 miles.) Also, Wilson's and Peabody's Seedlings delivered to R. R. Co. at Macedon, for $2 per thousand. J. W. BRIGGS & SON,
mh23-3t Macedon, Wayne co., N. Y.

BRICK PRESSES, DRAIN TILE, and Clay Tempering Machines Factory, 309 South FIFTH Street, PHILADELPHIA.
mh23-2t S. P. MILLER.

MULLER'S PIANO METHOD
IN ENGLISH AND GERMAN.
REVISED BY JULIS KNORR.

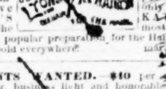
An elaborate, thorough and unique course of study, embracing every requisite for each grade of tuition and practice. Two Parts. Price of each, $2. Complete in one volume, $3. Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co., Boston.

HUSBAND'S
CALCINED MAGNESIA

Is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

A WORLD'S FAIR MEDAL and FOUR FIRST PREMIUM SILVER MEDALS have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the Druggists and country storekeepers generally, and by the manufacturer,
feb2-tf THOMAS J. HUSBAND, Phila.

WHAT A FIGURE! HA! HA! HA! This is the greeting often received from their friends, by those becoming prematurely grey or bald. To [illegible] thing so un[illegible] you have [illegible] LYON'S [illegible] KATHAIRON, the most excellent and popular preparation for the Hair ever made. Sold everywhere. mar23-4t



AGENTS WANTED. $10 per month clear, business light and honorable. For particulars, Address,
mh23-2t J. WILHELM, Morristown, N. J.

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500 AGENTS WANTED—To engage in a new business which pays from $3 to $7 per day. For full particulars, address
M. M. SANBORN,
mar23-2t Brasher Falls, N. Y.

DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?
DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?
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STIMULATING ONGUENT,
FOR THE WHISKERS AND HAIR.

The subscribers take pleasure in announcing to the citizens of the United States, that they have obtained the agency for, and are now enabled to offer to the American public, the above justly-celebrated and world-renowned article.

THE STIMULATING ONGUENT

Is prepared by Dr. C. P. Bellingham, an eminent physician of London, and is warranted to bring out a thick set of

WHISKERS OR A MUSTACHE

In from three to six weeks. This article is the only one of the kind used by the French, and in London and Paris it is in universal use.

It is a beautiful, economical, soothing, yet stimulating compound, acting as if by magic upon the roots, causing a beautiful growth of luxuriant hair.

This is the only article used upon
PHYSIOLOGICAL PRINCIPLES,
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Which has ever been presented to the public, for promoting a healthy growth of hair on a
BALD HEAD OR BARE FACE.
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BALD HEAD OR BARE FACE.

Persons having tried the various preparations now flooding the country, and having been deceived by them, should not be discouraged, but try one box of
BELLINGHAM'S ONGUENT,
BELLINGHAM'S ONGUENT,
BELLINGHAM'S ONGUENT,
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BELLINGHAM'S ONGUENT,
BELLINGHAM'S ONGUENT,

which is warranted to do all that is claimed for it.

If applied to the scalp it will cure baldness, and cause to spring up in place of the bald spots a fine growth of new hair. Applied according to directions it will turn red or towy hair dark, and restore gray hair to its original color—leaving it soft, smooth and flexible.

The Onguent is an indispensable article in every gentleman's toilet, and after one week's use they would not for any consideration be without it.

The subscribers are the only agents for the article in the United States, to whom all orders must be addressed.
PRICE $1 A BOX.
PRICE $1 A BOX.
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ONE DOLLAR A BOX.
ONE DOLLAR A BOX.

READ THE FOLLOWING FROM THE NEW YORK SUNDAY COURIER.

BEARD OR NO BEARDS?—It is still a mooted question whether or no beard is a proper adornment for man, and whether its growth has not a deal to do with his intellectual accomplishments. However this is, it is an ambition, and a very natural one, too, in each man, young or old, to have a beard or moustache; with the latter, and with the former in many cases, it is also an ambition that it shall be dark or black. All so inclined have only to use Bellingham's celebrated Stimulating Onguent to have a speedy and handsome crop of either. An advertisement in another column tells the whole story, and we recommend it to those interested.—*N. Y. Sunday Courier, Feb. 7, 1861.*

AND FROM THE NEW YORK MERCURY.

THINGS FOR THE BARE FACED.—We see that the well-known druggists, Messrs. Horace L. Hegeman & Co., of No. 24 William street, announce themselves as American agents of Bellingham's celebrated Stimulating Onguent for the whiskers and hair, which is exclusively used in London and Paris by all who yearn to possess luxuriant whiskers, moustaches, and capillary locks. It is warranted to bring out a thick set of whiskers, or a moustache in from three to six weeks.—*Sunday Mercury, Feb. 17, 1861.*

AND FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES.

A FASHIONABLE NECESSITY.—The strength of Samson was in his hair, and the strength of a man's claims to fashion are tested now a days by the luxuriance of his whiskers and moustaches. Fashion, for once, is on the side of reason and nature, and, in restoring the beard to its ancient honors, deserves to be applauded. But on some faces nature refuses to produce the manly crop. Art, however, steps in here to her aid, with Bellingham's Stimulating Onguent, a preparation warranted to produce a thick moustache or whiskers in a few weeks. This preparation may be had at Hegeman & Co.'s, 24 William street.—*Sunday Times, Feb. 17, 1861.*

AND READ THE FOLLOWING,
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AND READ THE FOLLOWING,
FROM THE SUNDAY ATLAS,
SUNDAY ATLAS,
SUNDAY ATLAS,
SUNDAY ATLAS.

PERFECT IN WHISKERS.—Half the attention, at the Academy of Music on Monday night, was monopolized by a fine looking little fellow who displayed the most magnificent whiskers of the season. His face was literally covered—the lower part of it at least—with beard of the very glossiest luxuriance. Would it be believed—yet we know the fact to be so—that this man had raised the whole of this magnificent crop within a few months, from the use of Bellingham's celebrated Stimulating Onguent. This unrivalled preparation for promoting the growth of whiskers and moustaches may be procured at Hegeman & Co.'s, 24 William street.—*Sunday Atlas, Feb. 17, 1861.*

TRY ONE BOX, YOU WILL NEVER REGRET THE INVESTMENT.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Or a box of the Onguent (warranted to have the desired effect) will be sent to any one who desires it, by mail (direct), securely packed, on receipt of price and postage, $1,18. Apply to or address,
HORACE L. HEGEMAN & CO.,
Druggists, &c.,
24 William street, corner of Exchange Place,
New York City.

PLEASE TO READ THIS.—If you want Employment, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our Publications are considered among the most saleable. Address, post paid, ROBERT SEARS,
aug13-tf Publisher, 181 William St., N. Y.

BOOK AGENTS

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, AT LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau street, New York; if you live West, the same, 111 Main Street, Cincinnati. mh13-tf

Palmer's
PATENT LEG & ARM
1609 CHESTNUT St.
PHILADELPHIA.

B. FRANK PALMER,
SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philad'a.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgeo-Artistic operations. The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and continue the "PALMER LIMBS," (under the New Patents,) in *unexampled perfection*. *Thousands of these Limbs* are worn, (though few are suspected) and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world,) attests the public value of these Inventions. *All genuine "Palmer Limbs" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information *for persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address
B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oc16-1y 1609 Chesnut St., Philada.

"WHY STAND YE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 PER DAY CAN BE REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,) ACTON & CO.,
oct30-tf 37 North Sixth St., Philada.

BROWN'S
BRONCHIAL
TROCHES

COLDS!! COUGHS!!!
Brown's Bronchial Troches
Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Influenza, and Irritation or Soreness of the Throat, relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma & Catarrh, clear & give strength to the voice of
PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SINGERS.

Few are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "SLIGHT COLD" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon attacks the lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are a most valuable article, especially so at this season of the year, when *Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Hoarseness and Sore Throat* are so prevalent. The Troches give sure and almost immediate relief. Sold by all Druggists in the United States, at 25 cents a box. mar9-eow3t

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THE JAPANESE,
THE GREAT EASTERN,
H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,
DE JOINVILLE,
May come and go and be
FORGOTTEN.

But the lustre, the ebony blackness, the rich browns, the natural appearance, the sensation of pride and pleasure, produced by the application of that harmless preparation,

CRISTADORO'S EXCELSIOR
HAIR DYE,
Will unquestionably be gratefully
REMEMBERED
By all who use it, inasmuch as
"A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER."

Prepared at No. 6 Astor House, New York. Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. mar9-eow2t

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DO YOU WANT WHISKERS OR MOUSTACHES?—If you do, and your beard won't grow, use my ONGUENT, which will force them to grow in 42 days, and won't stain or injure the skin. Sent by mail, postage free, any where. Price $1.
R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau St., New York.

EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS TO THOSE SEEKING EMPLOYMENT, to engage in a local or travelling Agency, which will readily yield a clear profit of $4 per day. For particulars, inclose red stamp to Box 101, care of B. LOCKWOOD,
feb23-tf Broadway P. O., New York.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER relative to BRANDRETH'S PILLS demands attention from INVALIDS.

Hammonton, N. J., May 7, 1860.

DR. BRANDRETH:—Dear Sir—I have long wanted to write to you and express my gratitude for the beneficial effects that have been experienced in my own family, and in hundreds, aye, thousands of others, by the use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. The first year my friend Brockway sold your pills in Boston, in 1838, I was then in a declining state of health, and my friends as well as myself supposed that my earthly voyage would soon terminate. Mr. Brockway urged me to take the BRANDRETH'S PILLS, but having used so much medicine with no good effect, I was more inclined to let nature take its course, and calmly submit to my fate. Mr. B offered to give me one dozen boxes if I would take them as prescribed. By this I saw he had great faith in them, and I finally consented to take them, but not as a gift. I went home, and went at it most hopelessly. After taking one box I began to feel better. Well, sir, when I had used up my twelve boxes, I was a well, healthy man—my weight having gone from 131 pounds up to 152 pounds. I then ordered a supply, and between that time and the present I retailed three thousand dollars' worth of these invaluable Pills, and am quite sure that I have thereby been instrumental in saving, not hundreds, but thousands of lives. Yours, truly, C. J. FAY, M. P.

These celebrated Pills are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions, at 294 Canal Street, New York, Dr. Brandreth's Office, and by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second Street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. mh16-2t

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TO SHARP BUYERS. WATCHES AND JEWELRY AT PANIC PRICES. Pay required only after the goods are delivered. Be sure and send for Revised Trade List. Address or apply to SALISBURY, BROTHER & CO., mh23-2t 65 and 67 NASSAU Street, N. Y. City.

VENTRILOQUISM!!—Full Instructions how to learn this art in a few hours' practice, sent to any address for three cents. Address J. F. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill.

CEPHALIC PILLS,
CURE
SICK HEADACHE;
CURE
NERVOUS HEADACHE;
CURE
ALL KINDS
OF
HEADACHE.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous* or *Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness*.

For *Literary Men, Students*, Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits*, they are valuable as a *Laxative*, improving the *appetite*, giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous system* or from a deranged state of the *stomach*.

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The genuine have five signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each Box.

Sold by Druggists and all other dealers in Medicines.

A Box will be sent by mail pre-paid on receipt of the
PRICE, 25 CENTS.

All orders should be addressed to
HENRY C. SPALDING,
48 Cedar Street, New York.

THE FOLLOWING ENDORSEMENTS OF
SPALDING'S
CEPHALIC PILLS,
WILL CONVINCE ALL WHO SUFFER FROM
HEADACHE,
THAT A
SPEEDY AND SURE CURE
IS WITHIN THEIR REACH.

As these Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr. SPALDING, they afford unquestionable proof of the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.

MASONVILLE, CONN., Feb. 5, 1861.

MR. SPALDING,
SIR:
I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and *I like them so well* that I want you to send me two dollars' worth more.

Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.

Send the Pills by mail, and oblige
Your ob't Servant,
JAMES KENNEDY.

HAVERFORD, PA., Feb. 6, 1861.

MR. SPALDING.
SIR:
I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills, *I have received a great deal of benefit from them.* Yours, respectfully,
MARY ANN STOIKHOUSE.

SPRUCE CREEK, HUNTINGTON CO., PA.,
January 18, 1861.

H. C. SPALDING.
SIR:
You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.
Respectfully yours,
JNO. B. SIMONS.

P. S.—*I have used one box of your Pills, and find them excellent.*

BELLE VERNON, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1861.

HENRY C. SPALDING, Esq.
Please find inclosed twenty-five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. *They are truly the best Pills I have ever tried.*
Direct A. STOVER, P. M.,
Belle Vernon, Wyandot Co., O.

BEVERLY, MASS., Dec. 11, 1860.

H. C. SPALDING, Esq.
I wish for some circulars or large show bills, to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before my customers. If you have anything of the kind, please send to me.

One of my customers, who is subject to severe Sick Headache, (usually lasting two days,) *was cured of an attack in one hour by your Pills*, which I sent her. Respectfully yours,
W. B. WILKES.

REYNOLDSBURG, FRANKLIN CO., OHIO,
January 9, 1861.

HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 Cedar st., N. Y.
DEAR SIR:
Inclosed find twenty-five cents, (25,) for which send box of "Cephalic Pills." Send to address of Rev. Wm. C. Filler, Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio.

Your Pills work like a charm—cure Headache almost instanter.
Truly yours,
WM. C. FILLER.

☞ A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually. ☜

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SAVE THE PIECES!
ECONOMY! DISPATCH!
☞ "A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE." ☜

As accidents will happen, even in well regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE

meets all such emergencies, and no household can afford to be without it. It is always ready, and up to the sticking point.

"USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE."

N. B.—A Brush accompanies each Bottle. Price, 25 cents.
Address, HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 CEDAR Street, New York.

CAUTION.

As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name,
☞ SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, ☜
is on the outside wrapper; all others are swindling counterfeits. nov17-1y

Wit and Humor.

A PRIVATE ROOM.

One particularly dark, damp, dull, drizzly, and disagreeable day in the latter part of November, a tall, gaunt, queer looking customer, dressed in a blue coat with brass buttons, with yellow striped pantaloons, and calf skin terminations, sat solitary and alone in a little room, situated in a certain little restaurant in this city.

Before him was a little round table on whose marble top was "not a little" pitcher of smoking punch, "screeching hot," and a wine glass. The solitary individual was York —nothing else—and that was his second pitcherful—nigh his second empty. One minute after and you couldn't—fact, you see—have squeezed a drop out of either pitcher or glass by a hydraulic press.

York rang the bell. The negro waiter popped his head in at the door.

"Ring, sa?"

"Of course I did. Is it clearing off?"

"No, sa; damp, sa; fog so thick you could ladle it out with a spoon, sa. Have anything, sa?"

"More punch, and strong."

"Yes, sa—immediately."

The waiter withdrew, and in a few seconds returned with the third pitcher of punch, and York was beginning to feel glorious, when, on raising his eyes, he saw his own figure in a pier-glass opposite. He rubbed his eyes again.

"By thunder!" said he, "here's some fellow sitting right before me. I'll swear there's impudence for you. This is a private room, sir, for my sole accommodation."

He waited a minute, expecting an answer, but his reflection only stared at him, and held its peace.

"I was saying, sir, that this is my private room—mine, sir!" cried York, fetching his voice an octave higher than it was before.

No answer, and he rang furiously. The waiter made his appearance again.

"Ring, sa?"

"Yes, I did ring. Didn't I ask for a private room?"

"Yes, sa; this is a private room."

"It is? Why, there's a fellow sitting right opposite me now, on the other side of the table. Rot his impudence."

"Table, sa—fellow, sa?"

"Yes, there is. Well, just never mind. Bring in some more punch and a couple of glasses."

In a very short time the fourth pitcher, with two glasses, made their appearance.

York filled one of the glasses, and then shoved it over to the other side of the table.

"Will you drink?" said he, addressing the figure in the glass.

"Oh, you won't, eh? Well, I—I will."

And so he did.

"Better drink, old fellow," continued York; "your liquor is getting cold, and you look as if you was fond of the thing."

No answer being returned, York rang the bell again.

In popped the waiter.

"Ring, sa?"

"To be sure I did. Didn't you hear the b-b-bell?"

"I did, sa."

"Didn't I order a p-p-private room? Eh?"

"Yes, sa; this is a private room, sa."

"A pretty private room this, with a fellow sitting right opposite, that won't take a glass of punch with you when it's offered—and a red nosed man at that. Oh, well, never mind; bring more tumblers and more punch. I'll try him again."

Pitcher number five was accordingly brought in, with due state.

"B-better try some, old boy," said he, coaxingly, to his double.

The reflex merely looked good natured, but said nothing.

"Well," continued York, with a sigh, "if this isn't most infamous! Never mind, I'll drink the punch."

And so he did, every bit of it. About five minutes sufficed to end the pitcher. York rang the bell superfluously.

Waiter came.

"Ring, sa?"

"Certainly. Why shouldn't I? Where's the man who k-keeps the place?"

"Boss, sa? I'll send him, sa."

Shortly after, the host, a quiet little man, with a mottled, calico pattern face, and a shining bald head, made his appearance.

"W-what's to pay?" demanded York, rising and assuming an air of dignity.

"Five punches—five levies, sir."

"There's the money, sir," said York, forking over the coin. "And now I want to know why, when I c-c-call for a private room, you put me in here with somebody else?"

"There's nobody here but you and I."

"Nobody! Do you think I can't see? D'ye think I'm drunk? There, look there! Two of 'em, by jingo!"

"Well, sir, I must confess, I can't see but us two."

"You can't, eh?" And York dragged the landlord to the table. "Look there, then; there's the rascals still, now. One of 'em is enough like you to be your brother—and the the other is the most God-forsaken, mean-looking white man that I ever saw!"

Railroad Waggery.—Waggs went to the depot of one of our railroads the other evening, and finding the best car full, said, in a loud tone—

"Why, this car isn't going."

Of course these words caused a general stampede, and Waggs took the best seat. The cars soon moved off. In the midst of the indignation, the wag was questioned.

"You said this car wasn't going?"

"Well, it wasn't then; but it is now."

The "sold" laughed a little—but Waggs came rather near a good thrashing.

☞ There is a class of men ever ready to pump you to any extent, if you only give them a handle.

How He "Passed."—"Well," said the narrator, putting down his empty glass, and filling it again with Madeira, "I was shown into the examination-room. Large table, and half a dozen old gentlemen at it. 'Big wigs, no doubt,' thought I; 'and, as sure as my name is Symonds, they'll pluck me like a pigeon.'

"'Well, sir, what do you know about the science of your profession?' asked the stout man in the chair.

"'More than he does of the practice, I'll be bound,' tittered a little wasp of a dandy—a West-End ladies' doctor. I trembled in my shoes.

"'Well, sir,' continued the stout man, 'what would you do if a man was brought to you, during the action, with his arms and legs shot off? Now, sir, don't keep the Board waiting. What would you do? Make haste!'

"'By Jove, sir,' I answered—a thought just striking me—'I would pitch him overboard, and go on to some one else I could be of more service to.' By Jove! every one burst out laughing; and they passed me directly, sir—passed me directly!"

"Marriage a la Mode Nouvelle."—An old Dutch farmer, just arrived at the dignity of justice of the peace, had his first marriage case. He dished it up in this way. He first said to his man:

"Vell, you vants to be marrit, do you? Vell, you loves dis woman so goot as any woman you have ever see?"

"Yes," answered the man.

Then to the woman—

"Vell, do you love dis man so better as no man you never see?"

Lady hesitated, and he repeated—

"Vell, vell, do you likes him so well as to be his wife?"

"Oh, certainly," she answered, with a kind of titter.

"Vell, dat is all any reasonable man can expect. So you are marrit; I pronounce you man and vife."

The man then asked the justice what was to pay.

"Oh, nothing at all—nothing at all—you are welcome to it if it will do you any good."

A Downright Hangel.—An English paper says, a gentleman walking through Knightsbridge on Sunday, overheard the following conversation between a man and a woman, who appeared as if just come from some pleasure trip into the country:—Woman—"Blow me, Bill, how tired I do feel. I'm as miserable, too, as a starved herring. What a miserable world is this! I wish I'd never been born, that I do; and now that I am born I wish myself dead again." Man—"Why, Bet, what's the matter with you now? What are you grumbling about?" Woman—"Why, don't I tell yer I am as miserable as a rat?" Man—"Miserable indeed! Why what on earth would yer have? You was drunk Monday, and you was drunk again Wednesday, and I'm blessed if you haven't had pretty near enough to-day. If that ain't enough pleasure for yer, I don't know what is. I suppose you wants to be a downright hangel here upon hearth."

More But Less.—"It is a very singular thing," said a tailor's apprentice to his master, as the latter was pressing a bobtail coat, "that the less there is of some things, the more there is."

"How can that be?" said the tailor.

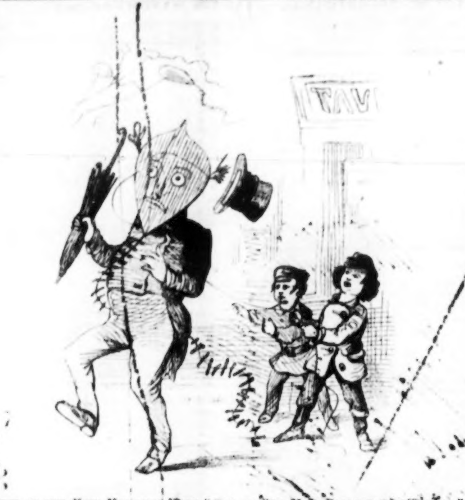
"Why, there's that bobtailed coat—the less you make the tail the more bob it is."

HUMMING BIRDS.

The ruby-throat is very easily tamed, and is a most loving and trustful little creature. Mr. Webber has given a most interesting account of a number of ruby-throats which he succeeded in taming. On several occasions he had enticed the living meteors into his room by placing vases of tempting flowers on the table, and adroitly closing the sash as soon as they were engaged with the flowers, but he had always lost them by their dashing at the window, and striking themselves against the glass. At last, however, his attempts were crowned with success, and this time I succeeded in securing an unwounded captive, which, to my inexpressible delight, proved to be one of the ruby-throated species, the most splendid and diminutive that comes north of Florida. It immediately suggested itself to me that a mixture of two parts refined loaf sugar, with one of fine honey, in ten of water, would make about the nearest approach to the nectar of flowers. While my sister ran to prepare it, I gradually opened my hand to look at my prisoner, and saw, to my no little amusement as well as suspicion, that it was actually "playing possum"—feigning to be dead most skillfully. It lay on my open palm motionless for some minutes, during which I watched it in breathless curiosity.

I saw it gradually open its bright little eyes, and then close them slowly as it caught my eye upon it. But when the manufactured nectar came, and a drop was touched upon the point of its bill, it came to life very suddenly, and in a moment was on its legs drinking with eager gusto of the refreshing draught from a silver teaspoon. When sated, it re-fused to take any more, and sat perched with the coolest self-composure on my finger, and plumed itself quite as artistically as if on its favorite spray. I was enchanted with the bold innocent confidence with which it turned up its keen black eyes to [illegible] us, as much as to say, "Well, good folks, who are you?"—*Routledge's Illustrated Natural History.*

An ancient Jewish legend says:—There was a city in which the air was so healthy, and so full of the vigor of life, that they who dwelt there never died. This was soon known, both far and wide, and people of birth and fortune hastened thither, and they lived there a long time. [illegible] a while, however, people saw them, one after another, stealing away silently, that they might be able to die.



Effect of the Kite Nuisance Upon "One of Our Most Respectable Citizens."

HOW TO SECURE INDEPENDENCE.

To secure independence, the practice of simple economy is all that is necessary. Economy neither requires superior courage nor eminent virtues; it is satisfied with ordinary energy, and the capacity of average minds. Economy, at bottom, is but the spirit of order applied in the administration of domestic affairs; it means management, regularity, prudence, and the avoidance of waste. The spirit of economy was expressed by our Divine Master in these words: "Gather up the fragments that remain, so that nothing may be lost." His omnipotence did not disdain the smallest things of life, and even when revealing His infinite power to the multitude, He taught the pregnant lesson of carefulness for which all stand so much in need.

Economy also means the power of resisting present gratification for the purpose of securing a future good; and in this light it represents the ascendancy of reason over animal instincts. It is altogether different from penuriousness; for it is economy that can always best afford to be generous. It does not make money an idol, but regards it as a useful agent. As Dean Swift observes, "we must carry money in the head, not in the heart." Economy may be styled the daughter of Prudence, the sister of Temperance, and the mother of Liberty. It is eminently conservative of character, of domestic happiness, and social well being. It allays irritation, and produces content. It makes men lovers of public order and security. It deprives the agitator of his stock in trade, by removing suffering, and renders his appeals to class hatred completely innocuous. When workmen, by their industry and frugality, have secured their own independence, they will cease to regard the sight of others' well-being in the light of a wrong inflicted on themselves: and it will no longer be possible to make political capital out of their imaginary woes.—*London Quarterly Review.*

The Seat of the Affections.—It has been well suggested that there is no authority in history, mythology, metaphysics, or physiology, for placing the headquarters of Cupid in the heart. The cradle of that baby-god may, for aught we know to the contrary, be in the lungs, or the spleen, or the liver.—One of our homoeopathists says that Love is a creature of the stomach, and depends upon the gastric juices for support. Perhaps he is right. In fact, there is a good deal of plausibility in the theory. And yet, if a lover should say to the object of his affections—"Miss, permit me to lay my stomach and fortune at your feet," she would think it an odd way of popping the question. Conventionalities without any foundation have sometimes the force of facts; and that important and powerful muscle which acts as the vital pump and distributing reservoir of the system, having been assigned to Cupid as his residence, from time immemorial, we must assume him to be there, although no trace of him can be found on dissection. It is, however, a palpable absurdity to represent the hearts of lovers as in flames, or transpierced with barbed arrows, because it is manifest that a person with the vital organ in a state of combustion or on a skewer, would be at the point of death, and therefore incapable of courting. And yet, if this popular fiction be discarded, what becomes of the valentine trade?

Agricultural.

OXEN THAT HAVE BEEN WORKED MAKE THE BEST BEEF.

Animals that have not been worked, have not, therefore, taken so much exercise, nor made much of any involuntary exertion.—They have *not* worn off their tissues, nor thus created the necessity of their renewal. They have *not* breathed so much air, and its necessary proportion of oxygen, for the same reason, viz: because the rate of breathing as well as that of wear, depends upon and is naturally proportioned to the amount of activity or exercise.

The purification of the blood depends upon the rate and completeness of its renewal; and its renewal is regulated by the degree of exercise, controlling the quantity of supply of oxygen. Hence it will be evident that those animals which, at a given age, have made the most active and largest *degree* of exertion, must have had their muscles most worn, and their blood oftenest renewed and purified.

Animals that walk at the rate of two and a-half miles per hour—about the pace, or what should be, of cattle at work—inhale and pass through their blood twice the amount of air consumed by those standing still, in the same length of time. This involves double the amount of *excretion* of worn off, and therefore effete matter to be expelled from the system, commingled with and contaminating an equal volume of exhaled air, or poisonous exhalations, from both skin and lungs. The greater the proportion and amount of oxygen consumed, the more complete is the renewal of the blood, by the corresponding expulsion of its impurities; and as is the arterial or red blood in quality and purity, so must be the muscular flesh which is formed by its liquid and solid deposits, as a matter of cause and consequence.

On the one hand, then, we perceive that cattle that have *not* worked, come to the stalls with blood and meat that have not been so often renewed, purified, and changed. And such animals having more effete matter in their circulation, the latter is more sluggish, and digestion and assimilation less rapid.—When thus put up, they are less capable of rapid change and nutrition, and gain less rapidly in a poorer product of beef. On the other hand, previously worked animals come in with purer blood, and firmer, better muscles; with better appetites, and healthier digestive power; they accumulate substance faster, because of their better blood and digestive power. And, with a purer and healthier muscular structure for its foundation, to begin with, oxen and steers that have been worked, and therefore had their tissues renewed and purified, in proportion to their extra exertion, make sweeter and more wholesome beef. Such is my experience and observation, as well as that of Judge Megis and many others.—*American Stock Journal.*

"KEEP A DOSIN' ON HER!"

My neighbor once had a fine cow taken sick. He called the disease "horn distemper" —whether it was or not I do not know; all diseases which kine have in that section are called by that name. What it really was don't matter. My neighbor, proceeding to extremes at once, bored the cow's horns, and cut off a piece of her tail. The operation on these parts, though undoubtedly having the trouble between them, failed to reach it, and the cow rapidly grew worse. Doses of salts, and oil—doubled and trebled, with such remedies in the way of strong teas and decoctions as the combined ingenuity of the neighborhood (which in such cases is little short of diabolical) suggested, and were poured down the throat of the unfortunate animal, but with no good effect.

As the death of the cow grew more certain, the character of the remedies was more desperate. Croton oil was one of the last resorts, I believe. It was given just before the case came to my knowledge, by overhearing the owner recount the trouble he'd been at, and the remedies he had given, to an old farmer who lived hard by—the cow lying helpless in sight of both.

After listening to the recital with the usual expressions of condolence, the old man sang out, "Well, *keep a dosin' on her!*" and drove away home. After the cow was dead and buried, her owner had the candor to confess that he didn't know whether it was disease or medicine that killed her.

If this was an isolated case, it would not deserve notice; but it is not. I believe it to be one of thousands. In sickness, the anxiety to "*do* something," leads to administering a flood of medicaments, often sufficient to kill the patient, aside from disease. The general rule, in fact, is, so long as life lasts, to "keep a dosin' on her!"—*Homestead.*

Feed Bones to the Hens.—If you take fresh bones from the kitchen, and with a sledge, on a rock, or any natural or artificial anvil, pound them up into small pieces, hens will eat them ravenously, and not only will they digest the bones and make a better manure of them than can be made in any other way, but they will be themselves greatly benefited by them; they will lay throughout the season with much greater regularity than otherwise, and will fatten on the marrow within, and the fat and muscle will adhere to the bones.—*The Homestead.*

Bloody Milk.—For a cow that gives bloody milk, two or three messes of beets will be found to be an effectual remedy.—*Boston Cultivator.*

Deep Ploughing—Testimony of the Corn Crib.—In the July Agriculturist, last year, was published a statement from a Texas subscriber, to the effect that corn planted by him on ground ploughed 15 to 20 inches deep, was looking badly, while that on land merely scratched over, appeared thrifty, and an opinion was asked as to whether the surface work were not better for that section. We replied, that though the plough might have been put in too deep at one time, yet, should a drought occur, the benefit of thorough working would be seen; and requested to hear the testimony of the corn crib in the Fall. We have just received a letter from the same gentleman, stating that he is a thorough convert to deep ploughing. A severe drought came on, shriveling and destroying his corn and that of his neighbors, on land which had only shallow culture, while that on the deeply ploughed field stood up bravely, came to maturity, and gave a fine yield. It is well here to repeat the caution that the soil should generally be deepened *gradually*, say an inch or so at each ploughing, particularly where the subsoil is unfit for growing plants; in time it will be ameliorated by the atmosphere.—*American Agriculturist.*

Apples at the North.—Nature has not favored the tropics with fruits to the exclusion of colder temperatures. The peach will flourish where the orange will wither; and the apple will grow round and full, where the peach will perish. We believe that of all the ordinary autumn fruits, the apple, in peculiar varieties, will grow and ripen in the smallest circles of latitude. We are surprised that some of our extremely Northern friends are willing to give up the idea of an apple orchard on their farms, as though the realization was unattainable. Who does not know the Red Astrachan? It is lustrous and luscious, and yet ripens almost in the very face of frost. There are other varieties which might be cultivated with great success in cold regions. The Sops of Wine, Early Joe, Gravenstein, Duchess of Oldenburgh, Porter, Fameuse, St. Lawrence (which has a northern name), Ribston Pippin, Baldwin, the good old Jonathan, and Peck's Pleasant, are specimens of the fruit which might regale the fireside circles of farmers who live where they need fire before we in 41 deg. N. latitude think of taking off our summer clothes. —*Rural Minnesotian.*

Choked Cattle.—The instant a creature becomes choked, no matter what with, the throat becomes dry, and the longer the substance remains, the dryer the throat. The following is a sure remedy:—Take some oil, no matter what kind, and hold the creature's head up, and turn down about one gill of oil, and then let go of the head, and the creature will heave it out in two seconds! I have tried it for years, and never knew it to fail.—*New England Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

New Cock-a-Leekie.—Ma chere Amie,—With all due respect to Scotch cookery, I will always give the preference, in the way of soup, to their cock-a-leekie, even before their inimitable hodge-podge. Having a very old friend, from the neighborhood of Dundee, who used to praise my cock-a-leekie, when on a visit to St. John's Wood, I thought I would give him the same treat here, and on looking over my frugal store and garden of Camelia Cottage, I found I had all that was required, barring the bird; but with a little perseverance and ingenuity, I succeeded in producing a very nice soup, although it wanted the principal ingredient, so that it deceived not only my husband, but my friend from the other side of the Tweed. Here is the receipt:—

I bought two pounds of veal cutlet, and cut it into pieces, like the flesh from the breast of a fowl, and put them in the pan with a quarter of a pound of butter, the same of lean bacon, three cloves, two good onions sliced, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one of sugar, half a one of pepper, a gill of water; set it on the fire, turn it over until forming a white glaze at the bottom, add to it five pints of water, simmer half an hour, pass through a sieve, save the best pieces of the veal. In the meantime blanch two pounds of leeks, free from the top green part, for ten minutes, in a gallon of water, and drain them; then boil the stock and half the leeks together, till almost in a pulp; then add the other half of the leeks and the meat; also eighteen good, fresh French plums; simmer half an hour, and serve.

I must observe that my friend praised me very much for having put in the flesh of the fowl only, as he thought, and not the whole carcase, which is the way they serve it in Scotland; an exceedingly inconvenient way, as everybody expects a piece of the fowl, and you often tear it to pieces in serving.—*Soyer's Cookery for the People.*

Etching on Cutlery.—The etchings on articles of cutlery are executed with aquafortis. If you write a name upon the blade of a knife with dilute aquafortis, the metal will be etched. The acid is washed off with warm water. Black sealing-wax, dissolved in alcohol, is employed to inlay etched characters on cutlery. The knife may also be covered with wax in every part except the design; then dipped into dilute aquafortis. The wax will protect the portions that are to be kept smooth and bright.

Gun Cotton as a Filterer.—Professor Bœttiger makes known to chemists that gun cotton, properly prepared, is a much better filter at the ordinary temperature for any kind of corrosive fluid than the substance commonly used for filtering purposes. Push a small piece of the cotton loosely into the throat of a funnel, and it will separate chloride of silver from nitric acid, and filter aquaregia, and concentrated alkalines and powerful acids, and liquids which would be liable to decomposition in other kinds of filters.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 42 letters.

My 3, 4, 28, 13, 2, is a river in Sweden.
My 8, 11, 38, 15, 17, is one of the Western isles.
My 28, 21, 4, 13, is a river in Russia.
My 11, 41, 7, 23, is a lake in Ireland.
My 6, 4, 9, 31, 33, is a river in Vermont.
My 1, 13, 12, 9, 10, 31, 21, is a lake in Maine.
My 7, 13, 17, 30, 29, is a river in Mexico.
My 8, 37, 11, is a county in Iowa.
My 38, 11, 2, 14, 29, 25, 28, is a river in England.
My 18, 11, 19, 2, 8, 26, 16, is a head on the coast of Ireland.
My 8, 27, 7, 1, 6, 14, 16, is a town in England.
My 12, 21, 17, 17, 9, 13, is a division of Europe.
My 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 5, 39, is a county in Georgia.
My 11, 12, 3, 23, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 22, 40, 12, 41, 37, 4, 17, is a lake in Australia.
My 1, 12, 40, 17, 17, is a cape on the coast of Africa.
My 30, 13, 33, 18, 29, 10, 12, 9, 15, 33, are mountains in Spain.
My 18, 12, 29, 39, is a firth in Scotland.
My 42, 3, 8, 2, 13, 12, 33, 37, 39, is a lake in Ireland.
My 18, 40, 38, 39, is a river in Wales.
My 17, 32, 36, 28, 37, 12, is a town in England.
My 10, 12, 11, 17, 17, 13, 39, is one of the Shetland isles.
My 41, 9, 1, 11, is a lake in Canada.
My 17, 13, 8, 34, a desert in Persia.
My 17, 3, 11, 12, 41, 13, 37, 17, 20, 12, 23, 14, 2, 29, are mountains in Portugal.
My 28, 11, 13, 12, 10, 24, 41, 16, is a county in Indiana.
My 12, 37, 35, 23, 17, is a lake in Peru.
My 28, 11, 14, 29, 38, 13, 12, 23, is a county in Iowa.
My 42, 13, 4, 31, is a town in Sweden.

My whole is an Institute in one of the middle States.

E. B.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A cape in England.
A lake in New York.
A lake in the United States.
A cape in Europe.
A lake in North America.
A river in Asia.
A lake in Africa.

The initials form my whole which is found in the United States.

ROBERT A. HUTCHINSON.

Wappello, Ill.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is often used for woo,
When an object you pursue;
And if that object you do gain,
My second then you must obtain.
Then if some crime you do commit,
To my whole you soon will get.

Pittsburg. ABEL FISHER.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gulf in Asia.
A town in Europe.
One of the United States.
An island in the Mediterranean Sea.
One of the European States.
A river in the United States.
A town in Pegu.
A town in South Carolina.

My initials form a river in the Old World, and my finals where it is found.

SAMUEL LAIRD.

TRIGONOMETRICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The three corners of an equilateral triangular tract of land, are an ash, a birch, and a chestnut. Within the borders of this tract, 40 perches from the middle of the nearest side, (that is to half-way distance on the line between the ash and the birch;) 50 perches from the middle of the next near side, (to half-way distance on the line between the birch and the chestnut;) and 60 perches from the middle of the third and farthest side, (to half-way distance on the line between the chestnut and the ash,) stands the owner of the tract. From this it is supposed that the length of the three equal lines, and the area of the whole tract can be found. Who will undertake to solve this nice triangular question?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A has the reputation of telling the truth as often as 3 times out of 4; B is believed as often as 5 times out of 6; and C's reports are credited as often as 7 times out of 8. Required—the probability of a circumstance being true which A and B join in affirming, and C denies?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A tree 100 feet high, was broken, and the broken part fell 10 feet from the base, still adhering to the tree. Required—at what distance from the ground was the tree broken?

Springfield, Ohio. W. K. GOUDY.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What miss always makes her lover go astray? Ans.—Mis-lead.

☞ What is the best line to lead a man with? Ans.—Crino-line.

☞ And the best line to lead a woman with, is a mascu-line.

☞ Why is a conscientious baker like a ship without ballast? Ans.—Because, being short of weight, he gives a roll over.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness. MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—The discovery of gold in California. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Waste neither time nor money. RIDDLE—Macbeth. CHARADE—1, Cowslip; 2, Lark-spur; 3, One, none. PROBLEM—73 and 23 years.

Answer to PROBLEM, published November 17th.—466.299 317-125 square inches iron in boiler; 380.637 267-625 square inches water the boiler will hold.